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WAFT THE TIDINGS GENTLY O'ER THE DEEP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY OWEN M. WILSON, Jr.

The following poem was suggested by the death of a young Frenchman engaged in assault on Strasburg. Desperately wounded, he found in the hospital all that the tender care of a "Sister of Mercy," who attended and administered comfort to him in his dying moments, could suggest. Expiring, his last words expressed his sorrow at dying away from the "loved ones" afar in the "land of his adoption, free and beautiful America."—Arreon.

The end draws near, the dread seal is set.
For Death his icy darts hurl'd'st at me now;
Yet rear'st'er here, the torturing pains to soothe.
Angel of light, sweet Mercy's sister, thou;
Bend low and listen—mark each feeble whisper,
Each parting word I leave for those I love—
For this sad spirit will have quit its clay
Ere smiles the morn yon distant hills above.

Kindly, gently, spirit thou of goodness,
Waft my last sad message o'er the deep—
Tell them I fell true to the flag we bore,
And 'neath thy pityings gentle sank soft to sleep;
Whil'themn how my quivering lips oft breathed
The names that now my lonely bosom thrill,
And how my heart yearned for their cherish'd presence
Ere it was hushed in slumber, cold and still.

My sister! Radiant angels guard her,
She so loved, so venerated here.
(And on his heart the sister's hand was laid,
While down his cheek rolled swiftly tear on tear);
Tell her that when the golden cord was riven.
When fainter came the sighing, fleeting breath,
Could I have heard the music of her voice,
'Twould have robbed of half its pain the sting of death.

Tell her that when the battle raged the fiercest,
Where thick and deep the dead and dying lay,
I breathed a prayer that I might be spared
To loving ones in distant lands away;
Tell her I blest America's far shores,
Each hill and plain of my adopted home,
Where proudly floats the banner of the free,
In bright New England, o'er the heaving foam.

The end is come. Life's sands are almost run,
And this sad hour is kindly waning fast;
Soon 'twill have closed—the flickering flame burns dim—
And the soldier 'll find a soldier's rest "at last;"
Come, come nearer; I would thou'rt here
To close the damp eyes long unused to weep,
But remember—Mercy's—oh—re—mem—ber,
"Waft the tidings—gently o'er—the deep."

LITTLE BESSY;
OR,
JOHN RICKSON'S TRIAL.

Back and forth—back and forth—John Rickson marched, almost spurning the confines of the noble room that seemed just now to hem him in; he wanted space—space to breathe in, space to think it all out in. Every nerve of his strong frame quivered; his eyes were bloodshot.

Once he stopped before an elegant toilet table, daintily draped with delicate laces falling over masses of pale, lustreless pink silk, and lavishly furnished. Cases in gold filigree; bottles capped with silver, that bore such slender tracery of leaf and vine as the spirit of the frost breathes upon crystal; little boxes filled with appliances for the delectable tinting of Aura's complexion; here an oddly shaped bit of silver, with tiny blades, devoted to the trimming of her shapely nails.

Well, he had always delighted in Aura's stately beauty. Why should the sight of these things make him frown and gnash his teeth, and groan like a man plunged in the very depths of despair?

John was 35, and not handsome. There was power in his face; it was capable of a wonderful illumination at times. Once seen, it could never be forgotten; once loved, it sent thrills to the heart for a lifetime.

He was of medium height; his limbs were straight and symmetrical; his chest was broad, and the muscles of his arms were as hard as iron. He was an enemy to be dreaded in the time of sudden rage—of overwhelming anger.

Once, as he stood there, he lifted his heavy hand as if to sweep off the pretty appliances over which he brooded with set lips, and eyes that held a story in their gloom; but just at that moment there came a knock at the door, and he stepped back, panting.

"Who's there?" he asked, between his teeth.

"Master—father!" exclaimed a voice pure and clear as some note of divinest music.

"Go away!" he said, almost harshly. "I don't want you now. Will she never have done calling me master, I wonder?" he added.

And yet, before he spoke, there had come over his face a strange, quick rapture. He had taken one, two steps toward the door, then stopped, with both hands held hard against his breast, as if in the act of holding back some demon. Then he listened, with ear intent, his head thrown forward.

Utter silence; then a slow rustle, as of a woman's garments; then a lingering step—irresolute, fainter, yet fainter—then silence again.

"I need not have been so harsh with the child," he said under his breath; "but what am I to do? God only knows how I suffer; treachery on one hand, and the sweetest love that ever a man could take to his heart on the other. Aura, I would have been true to death, but you have made my cup very bitter, woman—very bitter! And Oliver!—he passed, his lips trembled, his voice grew broken—"whom I loved with a love passing that of woman—oh, my God!—and you, too, have betrayed me."

He threw himself into a deep arm-chair by the window. Passing fair was the vision before him; but as far as it commanded his appreciation, it might have been covered with sackcloth and ashes. In the distance, a rock-walled harbor, the glint of the blue waters beyond; the terraced grounds to the right, swelling into stately hills; a little chapel built by the Jesuits, centuries ago; forests of white sails out in the harbor, and the sun pouring gold upon field and valley—upon his own wide acres, upon the jewelled water, creeping up to his retreat but for the cool shades of two great elms. He smiled grimly as he saw them—the trees, grown so tall and stately. Oliver had planted one, and he the other. Over the slender withes they had joined hands and sworn eternal friendship. They were boys then. Oliver's face was bright with Italian beauty. There were truth and love in the dark, passionate eyes.

They had grown up together, left college together, gone into business together. John had money, and both had brains.

John traveled and brought home a wife—a lovely creature, upon whom the sun of prosperity had always shone—an heiress. Poor John! he had given the whole wealth of his heart to a heartless girl, and he knew it soon, to his cost. She cared for nothing but her pampered self. He indulged her in all her fancies, even to the adoption of a pretty child, a few years after their marriage.

For a while the child pleased her as a new toy might, and then she tired of it. But John loved the little creature; she amused him with her artless prattle. As she grew older, and made progress in her studies and accomplishments, she gave a soul to the long useless grand piano which stood in one of the parlors, and John was passionately fond of music.

The girl was now 16, and John, whose wife had resolutely driven him from her, by long continued coldness, had allowed himself to fasten the broken tendrils of his love about this gentle woman-child.

But, God help the man! He had not known how it stood, till now—*now*—when he held in his hand a crushed paper—the half of a note, directed in his wife's hand to "dear Oliver"—and whose contents indicated that a correspondence had been going on these years between his partner and that woman.

His blood had run fire in his veins ever since. The first impulse of his outraged soul was to seize a pistol and shoot Oliver Dyas dead—dead! And then there had come to his heart a revelation that palsied his hand and made him cowardly. He shrank from himself. He could not all at once tear out the strong love that had been no constant ever since he had first known Oliver. He could not deny that the voice of Bessy Rickson was sweeter to his ear than the sweetest music. He was torn by contending desires, agonies and fears.

Bessy had lingered long at the door, grieved at the harsh voice that forbade her to enter, and hoping he might relent. A lovely little figure, all in spotless white, only one crimson wild rose shining against the rich gold of her hair, with eyes as blue as heaven, and lips as pure as those of an angel, with only one desire in her heart—to comfort the man she had seen enter the house but a little while before, the sorrow of his soul legibly written on his face.

But the summons came not. Slowly, oh, so slowly—pausing more than once, one scarcely hand throwing back the beautiful curls, she retreated towards the staircase, and quietly wended her way to a sitting-room on the first floor—cool, shaded, and charming in its decorations, like crossed the wide, marble hall, and paused on the threshold. John's wife was lounging in a superb crawfooted easy chair, the crimson glow of which added lustre to her dark beauty. In one hand she held a book; in the other a fine golden chain which she had just unwound from her wrist.

"Here, Bess, put this on the stand for me," she said, languidly. "Well, did you find your master?"

Bessy took her bracelet. She loved to hear him called her master, ever since he had superintended her studies in French. Something in her pliant nature answered to his imperial soul. Perhaps she came remotely from a race easy to subjugate and willing to be ruled.

"He's in one of his black moods, I suppose. I have encountered them once or twice in my life. He could be a human tiger, I think."

"Aura, don't say that," Bessy cried, with a pained look. Since the child had attained her present stature Mrs. Rickson had never allowed her to call her "mother."

"I'm glad you think so well of him," responded the woman, with a light laugh. "You may love him all you wish, for all *I* care. Do you hear?" she added, an evil light in her black eyes; "you may love him all you wish."

Bessy looked steadily at her and she at Bessy. I think it angered the woman that the girl's pure eyes neither fell nor faltered in their gaze. She, the only mistress of

"I don't think I could love him better than I do, Aura."

"Pshaw!" cried the woman, under her breath, frowning, "I believe you are both fools." Suddenly she caught up her book; something had struck her vision. She opened it at a certain place and saw, with consternation, the folded half of a note lying snugly ensconced between the pages.

Presently, looking through the book, she grew pale, started to her feet, whirled aside the long train of her gossamer dress, pushed the chair away with such energy that it slid almost to the door, knelt to the floor, searching with wild glances.

"What have you lost?" Bessy asked, looking round from the table where she had deposited the chain.

"Nothing; a bit of paper, a memorandum. Go into the dining-room, Bessy; quick, quick! Run out into the arbor; I was there an hour ago. Bring me a scrap of paper with writing on it—a torn note—here, like this."

Bessy hurried to search the halls, the stairs, the dining-room, the arbor, but came back with nothing. Aurelia had meantime been in the upper hall; had listened with throbbing pulses to the heavy, measured tread within. Her own words came back to her and made her sick at heart:—"He *could* be a human tiger, I think."

She went back; Bessy met her at the foot of the stairs; a sweet vision, as near angelic as any creature of human mould could be; and, for the first time, Aura felt the divine power of innocence as she saw the lovely face upturned to hers.

"I can't find it—anything; I hunted everywhere. There was a newspaper in the arbor, and this little stud—perhaps it is papa's—but nothing else."

Aura seized the stud. She knew whose it was—not John's—that tiny, shining, diamond-pointed trifle; and Bessy noticed that her firm, white hand trembled as she took it.

"Was it very important?" she asked anxiously, wondering at the strained, colorless face. "Can I do anything more?"

"No, child; it was nothing but a—list of things. Keep still about this stud; John don't like to confess to carelessness;" and with this lie on her lips, she went into the sitting-room, and nervously looked over the pages of the book again.

And, overhead—tramp, tramp, tramp! What was the matter with John? Could there have been a quarrel—could John have found?—— She stood still, suddenly, in her walk to the window, clenched her hands and turned deadly pale.

There was no help for it.

"Fool—fool!" she muttered, "to copy the letter. I never did such a thing in my life before; and to think!—again she gave a hurried glance about, again unfolded the half of the note; then resolutely crushing it, thrust it into her pocket, turned and walked defiantly up stairs.

It would not do to falter, but she shook from hand to foot as she touched the door-knob.

"John, let me in; I want something," she said, bravely.

The look was turned, the door thrown wide open, and the face of her husband, terrible in its dark, fixed anger, confronted her.

But she went in, assuming an air of unconcern. He shut the door after her; then he spoke!—

"Aura,"—she knew by his voice what to expect, and half turned. He, of a sudden, caught both her hands and pinioned them in one of his. For the life of her she could not help shrinking from the glare of his eye.

"So it seems I have been your fool, and Oliver your dupe," he said, through his shut teeth, as he drew her toward the window, she struggling but faintly. Then he held up the very half of the note which she had lost. She had the grace to cower at sight of it, to grow grey to the lips, as, with a low cry of despair, she strove to hide her face on the hands which held like a vice, but he flung her from him with an awful oath, and she staggered and fell, not with the force of his arm, but because of the deadly terror and faintness that oppressed her.

"I dare say you had it all arranged," he said, in a low voice that held both anguish and anger; "but I'll thwart that. I'm going over to see *him* now."

At that she lifted her head. Her haggard, dumb beauty had no power over him any more. She slowly lifted herself as he passed her; then she caught his arm with the strength of despair and held him.

"What are you going to do to him?" she cried, hoarsely.

John turned upon her, shook her off, bent his face and his wild eyes closer, as the words came hissing upon the silence:—

"Kill him."

Her shriek rang through the house. Bessy found her a moment after in a fainting fit on the floor. It was some time, even after powerful restoratives had been applied, before the guilty woman returned to consciousness. When she saw Bessy bending over her, weeping like a child, she turned away with a groan.

If, indeed, John had fulfilled his threat, her punishment was more than she could bear, for she had been the serpent in this paradise—the guilty, wily tempter. She lay very still and would not let Bessy speak to her.

John was closeted in his counting room with the man who had been, as he thought, his life-long friend. Few words passed between them, for it seemed to John as if his heart were broken.

"You are not fit to live, Oliver Dyas," he said; "and if I had met you at first, when this discovery was hot upon me, I should have killed you like a dog. Now, when you say that nothing but these treacherous letters has passed between you, I choose to believe you; but from this moment our paths diverge. I shall break up and leave the country; and now all is over between us. God help me! it was hard to find the man on whose integrity I would have staked my life, play false in this devilish way. I don't envy your future," he added, and went out.

And now began another more agonizing warfare.

Bessy was watching for him—flitting from the house door to the gate—wondering what had happened that John and Aura had quarreled; longing, in her childish soul to give him comfort—her dear, dear master—her loving, noble father! How could Aura speak to him, of him, as she did sometimes? He had never been harsh with her.

John was walking home gloomily, feeling himself a wronged, wretched man; hating himself, Aura, Oliver—everybody but little Bessy.

Once he stopped short, with a dazed, bewildered look. After all, might there not be some happiness in store for him? This bright, pure, fair little girl, who looked up to him, caressed him, loved him—ay, with all the guilelessness of her tender nature—loved him now as a father, but, in time, might she not——A thrill of ecstasy shot through his aching heart, and the next moment he cried:—

"My God—what! am I going to turn turn villain, too?"

Not long after that Bessy flew down to the gate to meet him. He let her take his hand; he smiled upon her in a grave, unusual way; he allowed her to lead him to a seat in the cool sitting-room, and take his hat and gloves from him, and flutter about him with a thousand tender anxieties in her gentle eyes. All this time he was thinking, thinking. It was like heaven to see her there, sitting at his feet, re-calling the pretty little incidents that had happened, to lighten his heart, or lift that weary look from his forehead, knowing, as he did, that in one sense he was a betrayed and ruined man, but feeling yet that to his own soul his own honor was spotless.

As he sat there his thoughts took on a darker hue. The tempter pressed him hard; he was almost lost in a sweet, sweet reverie of the possible To Be. He held the means of revenge in his own hand; he held the scourge of power over his wicked wife; he held the heart—the soul—of this exquisite girl, to mould it as he might. Spite of himself, a rapt, intense pleasure spread over his face, which grew beautiful as Bessy gazed up wistfully.

"What are you thinking of, master?" she asked.

Strange that now the word "master" did not offend him.

"I was thinking how pleasant it would be to go off to a far country—say to Italy"—he replied, that same beauty brightening his brow—"to see the old world wonders—its splendid skies and heaven high mountains; to buy some cottage nestling amid bower of trees and roses, and there pass our lives, and never think of this cold, cruel country again."

"O father!" Bessie responded, creeping close to him; "will you? When I have read about it, it has seemed to me paradise to me."

"It would be paradise," he murmured.

She lifted herself and glided to his side, began touching his hair with her dainty fingers—a pretty, caressing way she had, which was sweet to him.

"You would like to go, then?" he said, passing his arm about her waist.

"You know I would go *anywhere* with you," she answered, laying her cheek against his forehead; but, oh! of all places, to Italy!" She drew a deep breath of content.

He let her rest thus, shutting his eyes while he thought and the heavy throbs of his heart could almost be heard, as he battled with the dangerous temptation.

Why should he live a loveless life, betrayed, deceived, as he had been? Why should he not reap the fruits of an innocent devotion? He shuddered—"innocent!" And this child, with her golden locks and pure Madonna face—this child, who knew no other love—whom his arms had sheltered—whose very dreams were, as yet, guiltless as angels' visions!

"Go!" he said, with a sudden impulse, his whole face growing dark, as he unwound his arm and pushed her from him. "I had rather be alone."

Surprised—grieved at his manner, which seemed rough—at his face, just now transfigured, but frowning and untowly, as he turned abruptly away—Bessy stood still where he had thrust her, her tender red lips quivering. She knew not what to say—what to do. Had she offended him? He stood at the window, his arms folded, looking into the garden, feeling in his soul that he had hurt her—that she was watching him with tearful eyes. Firmer he pressed his arms hard down upon his bosom, more starkly he called in his wandering thoughts, till he felt her touch upon his arm.

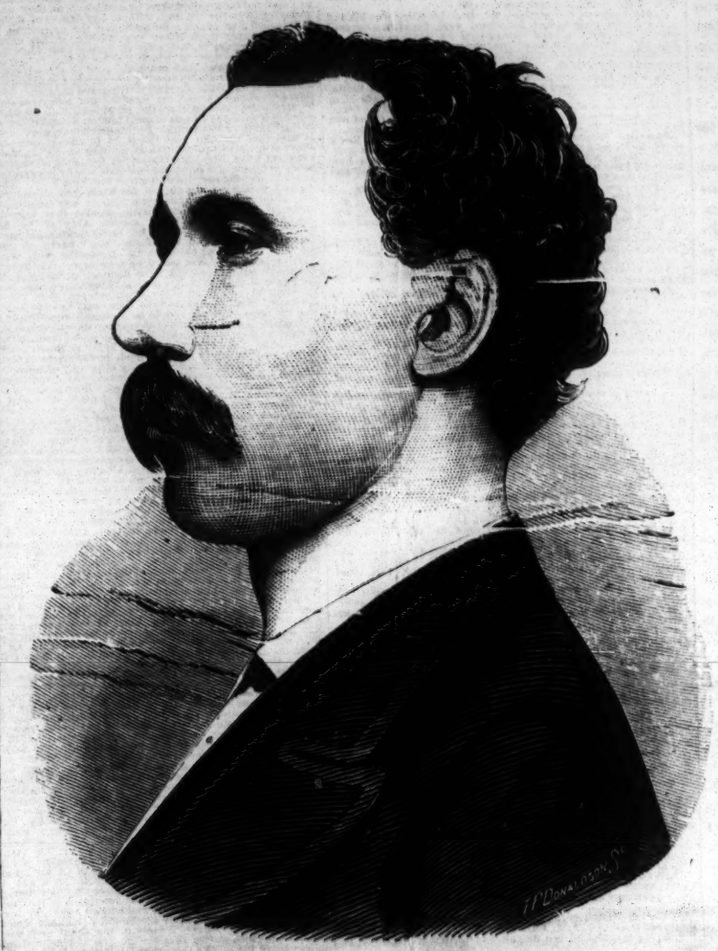
"Well," he said, not daring to look down.

"You were cross to me."

"No, Bessy, not cross—but I have had great trouble today. Go, child; don't weary me."

She silently turned and almost ran from the room.

"Poor child!" he murmured, in a hopeless, dreary



NED O'BALDWIN, "The Irish Giant."
(One of the Men who did not Fight.) Height, 6ft 5 1-2in.; Weight, 196lbs.

For Biographical Sketch see elsewhere.

Bessy went up to her own room, and came down no more that evening.

As for Aurelia, she was only too glad to be sure of her own miserable life—to know that Oliver had not been harmed; but she was weak enough to taunt John about Bessy, when he told her that Oliver had gone away, and that he intended to leave the country.

"And hereafter I am to be second to that little pauper," she said bitterly.

"You are not good enough for that," John made reply. "I am going, to save my name from reproach, and to keep my beautiful wife out of mischief. As for Bessy"—his voice choked—"that pure child must no longer breathe the same air with treachery and corruption, in the person of Aura Rickson. No, I shall leave her behind with my sister."

This news he communicated to Bessy, very gently, on the following day, in the presence of his wife.

Bessy's cheek grew like marble; the child felt a cold despair creep into her heart. To leave these people whom she loved and live henceforth among strangers! What did it mean? And only the night before he had framed such beautiful pictures of other lands; he had asked her if it would please her to go to Italy, and she had said yes, perhaps if all was settled. She could say nothing, however. John kept himself aloof; Aura was cold and forbidding; some wretched cloud had settled over the household—some threatening of evil seemed ever in the atmosphere.

After all, this was not really her home; Aura had told her so, rudely enough, years before. But she knew no other parents—no other shelter—no other love. John had never given her an unkind word or look before; and she was quite used to Aura's whims. To leave them seemed an agony too great to bear.

"You are to go to L——, with John, to-morrow," Aura said not long after, one soft, moonlight evening. "Take Minna up to your room; she will help you pack. My trunks are there—you can have the smallest one—and you had better get ready to-night."

Bessy's heart was nearly bursting. Her proud little face scarcely changed, however; she had become somewhat accustomed to the idea; but she would never betray to Aura, who had been so cold and almost cruel of late, the true state of her feelings. Mechanically, she threw down dresses and emptied boxes, scarcely hearing the steady stream of small talk which Aura's maid poured out.

"And she, this silly girl, will go to that beautiful country," she thought, bitterly, "while I am left among strangers. Nobody loves me; I am bereft and wretched."

The time came.

Aura coldly gave her cheek for a good bye kiss, and as coldly turned away. John was to accompany her to L——; that was one comfort—John, whose heart ached for the little white faced girl who sat so silently and so patiently by his side.

As for him—well it was that she knew nothing of the tumult raging in his tortured soul. Many a time he said fiercely to himself:—"Will not some fiend from the brimming cup soon near to your lips? Take her with you, now, away from the haunts of men. She will go; did she not say she would go wherever you went? Ay, like a slave, she will do your bidding. Ask her."

He did turn half round in his seat, and she looked up at him with appealing eyes. O, how he longed to gather her to his heart.

"You would go?" he said, impulsively.

"Where, father?"

"Anywhere, with me?"

"O, you know I would," she answered, her beautiful eyes swimming with tears.

"Too late! too late!" he muttered between set teeth.

He said nothing more, leaving her to wonder why, till they gained the city, and, finding a carriage, he placed her within, seating himself beside the driver. His manner chilled and frightened her. The poor child wondered what she had done.

They stopped before a tall, stately mansion, and were ushered into the presence of a gentle-looking woman, John's only sister.

"Is this the little maid who consents to share my solitude?" she said, kissing Bessy's white forehead. "I am so glad!"

Bessy strove to speak, but the words would not come.

"She must go up stairs and rest a moment; then I will bring her down for you to amuse. Of course, after your long journey—and you both look weary—you'll stay to dinner. Unfortunately, I have an engagement this morning, and I have kept the horse waiting till now. You will excuse me, I am sure."

How came John's struggle. He strove to say that he, too, had business; that it would be impossible for him to remain; that Bessy had better go out with her, but one look at the girl quite unmanned him. So he sat himself down to fight the battle over. Every hour, he felt, weakened his resolution.

His sister gone, and a fair field for fight! Yes, even now, the thought pursued him; once away with Bessy, and the triumph was his—yes, and Bessy was his.

Bessy apathetically took off her hat and shawl, and tried to look interested in the beautiful things about her; but her heart was down-stairs with John. She wanted to say so much to him—wanted to ask for an explanation of his strange and sudden alienation, if she could only find words to do it in. And perhaps—her heart beat fast—it might be just possible, that if she could make one plea, he would reconsider the matter—he would take her with him, after all. Aura had told her that she wanted her; perhaps he did not know that. She could have flown down the stately staircase, instead of waiting, demurely, for the madam to go with her.

"I am sure we shall be very good friends," said that lady, when, at last, she was ready; and, presently, Bessy was alone with John.

Now she trembled—lost voice—lost courage.

John pointed to a superb pianoforte, open. "Go," he said; "play me something—and," he added, in a lower tone, "charm the devil out of me." Then he dropped his face in his hands. Bessy saw him, for the keys of the instrument faced the wall. She sang one of the sweet songs he loved, watching him—hoping that he would look up, to reward her with a smile, perhaps.

He never moved. She played on—and on—till the music grew almost maddening to her; for, as yet, John had not moved. Then she stopped, and watched him—

ceased almost to beat. Was he dead, that he sat thus, like a statue?

She crept round—she stood before him—she satisfied herself that he breathed; then she dropped at his feet, and the old, plaintive cry wailed forth:—

"Master—father!"

He moved his hands; they were wet; great tears stood on his lashes.

"O father—father! you are very unhappy. You have some secret, terrible sorrow."

"Yes; God knows I have!" he muttered.

"Tell me and let me help you, some way. Father—dear father, how could you leave me behind? I could have made you so happy. Aura never plays; but I can soothe you, sometimes, with music. It is very hard for me to stay; I shall be very, very unhappy. I know only you and Aura; and you two are all I love; and now you are going away, so far—I may never see you again. O father! it is very hard." Her head dropped on his knee.

"I could take her in my arms and hold her to my heart, and all hell should not tear her from me!" he muttered, fiercely, between shut teeth.

Bessy's sobs prevented her from hearing.

"You have ceased to love me," she cried, "because I didn't really belong to you—Aura said so; *she* wanted me to go."

"Ceased to love you! Great God! Bessy! look at me, child!"

Beside lifted her head, startled by the hoarse passion of his voice. She looked at him—caught the strange glow and fire—slowly, slowly crept from his knee—slowly arose, still held by that magnetic glance, wherein all the power and sweetness of his soul seemed to be melting.

Then she drew back; then, with a quick cry, she lifted both hands, and hid her face.

In that moment the veil was drawn away—the girl had changed to the woman. Like a flash of lightning came the consciousness of how this man loved her—and oh, woe! of how henceforth and forever she would love him!

He saw it all intuitively, and one look of triumph flashed from his eyes.

Bessy stood—pale, trembling and white—like one waiting to hear some fateful doom.

"Bessy—you see—you know—now"—in vain he strove to steady his voice. "Shall I take you with me to Italy?"

"Oh father!" The pure little voice smote him to the soul. She was a white dove; and he was a wolf, he said, savagely, to himself.

"Bessy"—there was a great struggle—"kiss me, child, as you did—before; and—I—I—must go."

She crept toward him, blindly, still hiding her eyes. He caught her to his bosom, once.

"A father's kiss," he said, with a great sob; and staggered out of the room.

For four years nobody knew the history of the silent man who came and went along the streets of the quaint Italian city. Only at the end of that time a letter was written by John to his sister, in which he sent the news of his wife's death, by plague; and his determination to remain, and spend his life where, at last, he had found peace.

And, walking one day in a little park, where the ruins of a once stately fountain stood, John felt a touch upon his arm; and a silvery voice, even more musical than of old, said, softly:—

"Master—father!"

He had well earned his happiness; for he had not dared even to speak of her, for fear she was lost to him. But here she was—Bessy! ten times more beautiful—love in her sweet eyes, love on her lips.

"I'm not going to be driven away, again," said she, as she took one arm, and his sister leaned on the other. "We went to your lodgings and the landlady said may be we should find you here; so we drove as quickly as we could. Are you glad?"

"If I were in Heaven, do you think any one would ask me if I were glad?" he answered, with that rare smile.

And you can guess the rest. It is exactly as you imagine.—*Overland Monthly.*

AN "ANXIOUS INQUIRER."

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY JOSEPH J. GRANT.

Mr. Editor—Sir: My rear leave would I ask
A half dozen questions—to me 'tis no task—
Your time's not so pressing but what you can spare
An hour or so, for 'tis no more than fair:—
Does Tennie C. Chaffin wear false hair or true?
Was Jim Fisk a Christian, a heathen, or Jew?
Was Schurz ere an actor? Does Mace wear a wig?
Is Oofty Gooft Irish? Can Booth dance a jig?

Is Little Mac taller than Michael McCools?
Is Joe Murphy German? Does Tweed now teach school?
Is Greeley a farmer, a printer, or what?
And don't you think Butler (ben) ought to be shot?
Is Buffalo Bill, Wild Bill? Is Bunting a scout?
Will Coburn and Tovee some day have a bout?
Since Longfellow's injured, I'm sure you'll allow
That Uncle John Harper's a "short" fellow now.

Will Sir Francis Train and good Bergh ever meet?
Is Grant at all likely this time to be beat?
Can Gillmore play "Shoo Fly?" Will Stokes make a "trip,"
To Europe, or Heaven? Pray, what is the "dip?"
What is the best dog wash? What's Dexter's best time?
Are small dogs contagious? Do crocodiles climb?
Is a "counter" case a "run" case—"Geneva," I mean?
Is the board of *our-bi-o'-ration* a fat one or lean?

Does Barnum own Darwin? Who now owns young Scot?
Ain't Justice Strong crazy? Ain't Dana a beat?
Ain't lamp-posts unlawful? Will scolding wives sink?
Are onions nutritious? Do sober men blink?
Will teeth lose their polish when scoured with sand?
Does a juryman "sit," sir, when taking the "stand?"
If catgut can squeak, cannot sausages bark?
Now, sir, can you answer? Can you "toe the mark?"

"Too much for good nature!" dear CLIPPER, you say—
Well, yes; I agree, and will now cease my "bray,"—
We ask foolish questions, and grossly annoy
You daily, who gladly your time would employ
In duties more urgent, more useful; but we
Are often too "anxious inquirers," you see—
However, one question—one brief question more—
Do you believe Greeley, good man, ever swore?

Titusville, Pa., Aug., 1872.

THE ACTOR'S PARADISE.

HIGH ISLAND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The idea of forming an association of actors for the purposes of mutual enjoyment and sociability, was ventilated in Harry Cunningham's place one day in the fall of '60, and the projects and plans then proposed appearing feasible, a course of action was immediately entered upon, which resulted in the organization on the 12th of September, 1860, of the "Multum in Parvo" club.

They secured a twenty years' lease of High Island, a desirable spot in Long Island Sound, in the vicinity of City and Hart's Islands, upon which every summer they hold their "annual encampment," where, in freedom of the most comfortable kind, they while away the summer solstice, and obtain that much-needed rest and recreation which certainly, of all people, the actor stands in so much need of. The rules of the club, the means of enjoyment, the actions of the members themselves—in fact, everything surrounding the "encampment" point unmistakably to the objects in view, to wit, an entire freedom in actions and dress, and an utter disregard of uncomfortable customs and stilted formalities.

Each and every member appears to make earnest endeavors to contribute to the general comfort, so that, in the words of their preamble, "we may continue to enjoy our annual encampment sociably and agreeably to promote harmony and good feeling."

It may be easily imagined that with the above objects in view, and with a determination on the part of the members to stand by them, a decidedly pleasant and enjoyable state of affairs has been arrived at. And such is the case, as a visit to the "Encampment" last week satisfactorily proved, every thing working in harmony, and the members thereof enjoying themselves to the top of their bent, undisturbed by those little bickerings and petty jealousies which so often retard the growth and welfare of clubs and associations of all kinds. At the third annual meeting, held on the Island on the 4th inst., the following officers were elected for 1873-3:—

Harry Cunningham, president; Isaac L. Street, vice-president; Dr. S. S. Fitch, jr., treasurer; Gilbert V. Ryder, secretary, and Richard Street, captain of the boats.

Among the members, on the occasion of our visit, were Harry Cunningham, the worthy president and originator of the club; the jovial Harry Macarthy, prize swimmist and story-teller; Charlie Parsloe, the lively, with his talented little 'un, Sniffen; the Streets—sociable, pleasant Streets—one and all; George Johnson, the life of the club; "Across the Continent" O'Neil, whose champion oar practice increases instead of diminishes his "heft," and who can row as well as the next man, if the passengers would but please be festive with their orders and directions; "Old" Ryder, another jovial "consumptive;" Frank Sanger, easy-going and sociable; "Doc" Fitch, the courteous and efficient treasurer, whose professional services, to judge by the remarkably healthy look of the "Multum" tribe, will not often be required; Ben. Porter; J. H. Mulligan, whose moustache requires almost as much waxing as the Napoleonic Beresford's; Hen. Fisher; Chas. Norris, who was made in the Boothenian mould, and who looks enough like one of the Booths to be taken for a—friend; Geo. Wright, an enthusiastic "Multum;" Mike O'Brien, the quiet, etc.

In this connection we musn't forget to make mention of Brown, the colored *chef de cuisine*, whose handiwork, it is needless to say, is well appreciated by the hungry High Islanders; in fact, Brown's work is always done Brown. Among the High Island pets may be mentioned "Beauty," who is "not poo'y but good;" the Rock of Gibraltar Ram, who passes the time on an imitation Gibraltar near the house, meditatively musing, and wonderingly much no doubt how it ever came there; the hens "Maggie Mitchell," "Janauschek," etc., all of which it is needless to say are much petted by the boys, and are thriving wonderfully.

A company with a sociable crowd of "Multums" we made the trip to the "Encampment" last week. After a pleasant run of about sixteen miles, we reached City Island, where we were met by another detachment of "Multums" in costumes decidedly original and—well, *slightly* out of style. Top boots, whose appearance precluded the idea of their ever having fit anybody; pantaloons, which apparently wouldn't be much "allied" if the wearers thereof should happen to brush against a dirty wall; hats "fearfully and wonderfully made;" these were the principle articles of their costumes, which, as before remarked, although not entirely fashionable, were nevertheless decidedly comfortable and sensible withal, as all those can testify who have felt the entire "out-of-placeness"—if we can coin an expression—of fine clothes, "city" clothes, immaculate shirts and stiff collars, during a pleasant "roughing it" in the country.

From City Island we were rowed over to the "Island" High Island—and were received at the landing by still another detachment of "Multums," who, posted on "Plymouth Rock," welcomed our party with cheers and a salvo of firecrackers. Passing over a bridge of primitive make, after our landing, we proceeded to the only house on the Island, the "Multum in Parvo Club" House, in the "drawing room" of which our city costumes were laid aside and we were invested with the "loose and happy" rig of the "islanders." The curiosities and sights of the island were then in spected, viz., "Whally's boots," a pair of remarkably ferocious-looking top boots, in which Whally was won't to play his "hefty" characters, and which were formerly used by the club as a mark of distinction for their visitors and guests, the putting on of which recognized the wearer as the guest of the club; "Enoch Arden," a tree overlooking the water, so called from its wonderful resemblance to a scene in "Enoch Arden," the illusion of which is heightened by the fact of there being a bush at the foot of it, which, at night, could be readily taken for a human figure pearing over the waters, *a la* Enoch; the unique and original mantel ornament in the "drawing room," to which the attention of the visitor is at once called; the old well; the comfortable-looking old cellar (so pleasant to eat clams in—real clams, too, manufactured expressly for the Multums)—all these, and many other sights and curiosities are the visitors called upon to examine.

The "welcome" was off—not "starboard watch" but "dinner" caused all hands to inspect the attractions of the dining room, which may be summarised as follows:—An alarming absence of conventionalities, tablecloths, napkins, discomfort and bad food, and a corresponding increase and profusion of comfort, sociability and true politeness, topped off with a bill of fare which could not be improved upon. Johnson's crowder was successful to the highest degree—decidedly the chowderest chowder ever chowdered for hungry chowderists. The meats, the "puddins," and last, but not least, the "A" High Island well water, together with the German mixture which ornamented the dining room were things of enjoyment indeed. At night, two tar barrels and an antiquated lounge were placed on the rocks near the water, and the jovial "Multums" having gathered around, the pyre was lighted with comical ceremonies, the Macbeth music being sung by the assembled "witches," Gov. Johnson officiating with a boat hook. The scene at this juncture was decidedly picturesque—the jovial "Multums" in their *outre* costume, dispersed in various attitudes around the rocks, the quaint music (rendered in fine style) swelling on the night air, the ludicrous appearance of the "party with the boat hook," which a lively imagination would readily associate with the idea of old Neptune and his tridents, so wild, exaggerated motions and comical antics he alternately stirred the fire and directed the assembled "witches," the whole picture made vividly distinct and striking by the blaze of the "furniture," was long to be remembered, and not to be equalled for effect by the most dazzling of "transformation scenes."

The climax was capped in the the above scene, when a sudden "transformation" had the effect of sending the "witches" to roll over and over in paroxysms of laughter. While attending the fire, Johnson was suddenly startled by the fall of the lounge, the supports of which had been burnt away, and believing that he was to be damaged he jumped back with such "emphaticness," that he was precipitated head and heels over the rock. The sudden transition of Johnson in the blazing light on the rock, to Joanson in the damp and darkness below, was as instantaneous as one well be imagined. When, after a little appearance, in reply to a question as to why he had left the rock so suddenly, he gravely answered that, thinking the drop had come down, he had "gone off," the hilarity was at its height. Johnson's "exit" from that rock was decidedly rich. May all his comical "exits" on the boards be provocative of as much mirth to his audience as was that.

Another Johnsonian adventure eventuated on the dock at City Island, fully as ludicrous as the above. The boat, laden with passengers, was just about leaving, when Johnson espied an antiquated looking female of grotesque appearance passing near him. Throwing up his hands, and giving a yell that attracted the attention of all on board, Johnson cried out, in fearful—pathetic tones, looking the antiquated female straight in the eye: "Ah! ha! ha! Yes—'tis me mother's face! Ah! ha!" and then "swooned" into the arms of a fellow "Multum." The aged specimen on being thus "come at," uttered a yell of terror, and darted from the spot instanter, while the passengers were convulsed with laughter. Among those who had been "taking in" this scene were a number of countrymen on the dock, one of whom, with mouth open from "here to here" with laughter, was approached by Charlie Parsloe with the question:—"Say, now, wasn't that funny, eh; wasn't that funny?" The laughing countryman nodded assent.

"Wasn't it real good and funny, eh; wasn't it?" Again the countryman nodded.

"Did you see it?" continued Parsloe. The countryman, still laughing, nodded negatively.

"*Then what in thunder are you laughing at?*" roared Parsloe, while a fresh burst of laughter from the spectators testified to the rib-tickling powers of the happy "Multums." May they "ever be happy."

SHOWMEN AND THEIR TROUBLES.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CHARLES H. DAY.

"Well, you are again' tew act out to-night—I suppose you know your piece?" is quite apt to be the query of the actor's casual acquaintance in the bar-room of the rural tavern. Then follows a graphic description of how I play act'd in the old school-house tuther end o' the town, and spouted the familiar lines—

"You'd scarce expect one of my age."

The rehearsal is one of the mysteries of the stage, although I am sorry that rehearsals are too often given at the evening's performance; and the players, to use the phrase of our rural friend, do not "know their piece" or the business of the play.

At the first rehearsal the "parts are read," being run glibly through, that all may obtain an idea of the play and the intentions of the author. At subsequent rehearsals the players are expected to recite from memory, when greater attention is given to the "business" of the piece, that the conception of the author may be conveyed to the audience by every position and gesture.

The theatre is dimly lighted, and doubly dismal if the weather is cold, the actor and actresses pace the stage in their attire of the day, monotonously repeating the lines and moving carelessly through the "position" and situations as pointed out and explained by the stage manager.

While tattling of the stage I might as well relate an anecdote that occurs to me of my old friend Tyler; not that George is old, strictly speaking, if he *has* grown bald in the service of dramatic art.

I first met George one cold morning before light in the depot at Washington, and we at once became fast friends; that is, quarreled every day in regard to the "copy" of poster, programme and advertisement, and concluded each "spat" with a hearty laugh. Tyler was fresh from Laura Keene's farm, "Riverside Lawn," and so young lord of an ancient domain carried himself with higher head than my good looking Dundreary whiskered friend, who was happy when thought to be "one of the Keene family," and, of consequence, an Englishman. George managed a theatre in Halifax during a summer season and there learned to Cockney-ize himself. It was his wont in every city we visited to either praise to the skies or utterly condemn the hall or theatre in which we played, and to dilate learnedly upon the "acoustic properties."

At last the company appeared in a temple of amusement where every word spoken upon the stage went in passing its yellow bout in space, reverberating till it was lost in a jargon of voices indistinguishable to the auditor.

Tyler lost no opportunity in button holing the proprietor of the edifice, and expatiated with more warmth than choiceness of diction upon the vileness of the acoustic properties."

The proprietor admitted all, but said in a persuasive way, placing his hand consolingly upon his shoulder:—

"You know how it is yourself, Mr. Tyler; there's so many of these scalawag companies traveling through the country that take everything out of the building that they can lay hands on when they come to leave, that I sometimes wonder that there is even a chair or a scene left. Why, it want a month ago that Pilgrim's Progress showed here

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1872.

NOTICE.

☞ CORRESPONDENTS, advertisers, and all others writing in relation to matters connected with this or any other department of the CLIPPER, are respectfully requested to address their favors to the editor and proprietor, and thereby avoid omissions, mistakes and confusion, which are likely to occur when such communications are addressed to our assistants.

NOTICE.

ADVERTISERS must hand in their favors before 6 o'clock on Monday evening, in order to have them appear in that week's issue.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ We never answer questions by mail. All addressed to us seeking information will be answered through this column only.

EARNED RUN.—The writer in question is correct. Should the fielder fail to accept three chances to put the side out before a run is scored by a player making a clean hit, no run can be earned. No run can count as an earned run for any player who has had a life given him by the field before scoring his run. An error can be made this:—A, first striker, makes first base by a clean hit; B, ditto, sending A to second; C, ditto, sending B to second and A to third; D then scores a base hit and sends A home, one run being thereby earned. Should he hit a fly ball to short stop or to fielder, and it be dropped, and another run be scored, and then the two next strikers go out on fouls, still but one run is earned, though two are scored. To earn a run is to merit it by good batting and sharp base running, not to score it through the fielding errors of your opponents.

N. S. E.—We have no scientific by which to answer your question precisely, since the Hudson Bay territory, now a part of the New Dominion, has not been sufficiently explored; nor has Alaska, now a part of the United States. The area of the upper and lower Canadas is 350,000; New Brunswick, 32,000; Nova Scotia, 18,000; Labrador, 70,000—in all 470,000 square miles—while the United States, including Alaska, is 3,010,277. Therefore, on looking at the map and surveying the outlines of the remaining New Dominion territory, and taking into consideration the vast expanses of water intermingled therewith, it would appear that the United States is much the larger.

NOVICE.—"If a man is on 2d base, and attempts to run to 3d, and *hold* by the baseman, is it necessary to *touch* the man in order to put him out, or is it sufficient for the baseman to *hold* the ball, provided he has it before the base is reached and touched by the base runner. 2. If a *fly* ball is sent to any part of the field, and missed by the fielder, does it count as a *base hit* for the *striker* and an *error* for the fielder?"——1. If the first base is occupied and both base runners are forced to leave their bases by the strikers, then in such case the base runners going to third can be put out without being touched, but not otherwise. 2. If the chance for a catch is plain no base is earned.

BRIX, Worcester.—The rule is as follows:—"If the dealer gives to himself or either of the other players more or less than five cards, and the player receives his hand before such a number of cards discovers and announces the fact before he raises his hand, it is a misdeal, and the dealer must shuffle and cut the cards again. But if the dealer gives to himself or either of the other players more or less than five cards, and the player receives his hand, or any part of it, *raises* his hand before he announces the fact, no misdeal occurs, and he must stand out of the game until the next hand."

JOHN, Baltimore.—1 Tavoniere time in the Goodwood cup is given in *Wilkie Collins' Life as* 4.55, but this is not official. He carried 129 lbs., 4 years old. Longfellow's time in the Monmouth cup, same distance as the Goodwood cup, 2¾ miles, 5 years, 114 lbs., was 4.54. The Baltimores won 19 games from the Hutchinsons on the Washington 3. You would not get the paper any sooner by subscribing.

J. FITZ.—The Boston Club have played 73 championship games, of which they have won 49, the same as Cincinnati. Mutual, 46; Athletic, 45; from the Atlantic, 5 from the Mutual, 4 from the Baltimore, 4 from the Cleveland, 3 from Mansfield, 2 from Troy, 2 from Rockford, and one each from Athletic, National and Olympic. Total, 73. They have lost 19 to Athletic, 15 and one with Troy. Eleven victories, however, will be thrown out, and one defeat.

A. B. B., Burlington, Ia.—The points at auction pitch, except those bid, are not to be taken until the hand is played out; exceptions to this rule, the same as at regular all fours; consequently, each party having but one to go, if B made the two points he gave, even if it was high game, he was not set back, and therefore with his partner won another game. Yes, with his low.

H. G. W., Ophir, Utah.—At auction pitch the bid is taken in turn, to avoid confusion, but is open to the highest bidder until the seller accepts; otherwise, how could a player ever bid a point above is the proper way to play it, although custom, in some places, admits of one bid each only; B, in our opinion, therefore, having been outbid by C, had a right to bid higher (three or more), if he chose.

G. S., Pittston, Pa.—The matter cannot be definitely settled until the meeting of the legislature. The official count, as reported in the papers, gives Caldwell a majority. Should circumstances occur whereby Merrimon would get the certificate of election, why, of course, the party betting on Merrimon would be entitled to the money.

PRECIOUS, Memphis, Tenn.—1. A having put two points to go, and B tying him that number, he (A) of course went out at once. 2. B having but one to go and making high, and his bid not having been accepted, that clearly shows that he wins without further play, as he is back in the same position he involved. 3. Your informant was in error. See answer to A. B. B.

W. A. P., Waterville, N. Y.—A horse that came in second in the last heat had not the preference over one that had won a heat by the old rules of racing. But a horse second in the last heat had preference over, and marked better than a horse that had been second in the first and second heats. This rule was changed by the National Trotting Convention in 1869.

BURNS ROCK.—Charley Gallagher and Tom Allen fought at Carroll Island, near St. Louis, Mo., Feb. 23, 1869. Allen being knocked out of time in the second round. The fight occupied but three minutes. They fought again, at Foster's Island, Aug. 17, 1869, the battle ending in a draw, after fighting 11 rounds in 26 minutes.

CLARENDON, Boston.—Your adversary evidently desires to win your money on a catch, as you would not vote for Grant in that event, but on the chance that he may be elected by Grant in the electoral college. Parties should be careful how they wager their wagers pending the president-at contest.

LITTLE PAUL.—If only one player can go alone, and that one takes the re-possibility of the trump; should another go alone against him, which he has no right to do, however, and should he succeed in euchreing the first player, he can only count two points for the euchre.

AUGUSTA.—1. The party that gave two jokes, and made high, game, with but one point to go, went out first. See answer to "Denver." 2. Should A, on ten aces, fail in case of a tie, to not scored by either party, the player that gave the two points did not make them, and, therefore, was set back.

MARION, N. J.—1. The Bostons and the Maple Leafs have not played together. 2. Yes, Bostons vs. English Gentlemen. 3. A protest after the game is lost and won has no weight, and cannot be received. 4. Both fell over the ropes together, in the New Orleans fight.

HARLEM DRAMATIC THORPE, Baltimore, Md.—A stage manager superintends the rehearsals and performances, makes the casts of plays, etc. A manager engages the company, pays their salaries, selects the attractions to be presented, and supervises every department of the theatre.

R. S. W., San Francisco.—1. The dice must be counted as they lay. 2. The deal must stand after the trump card is turned. The error as to dealing could not be have been rectified after the trump was turned. 3. It is not customary to turn the last card for trump unless both players agree to do so.

KEYSTONE, Shamburgh, Pa.—1. A, who bet that Lucy would take a record more than 2 minutes, and who, at the ending of the heat was she would be second or better. 2. A, who bet that Lucilla Goldust would be distanced, wins; a horse drawn after starting being considered distanced.

WM. G., Lebanon, Wurtsbhip, N. J.—The last *large* comet was visible to us in 1861, through the tail of which the earth is supposed to have passed. Others have been visible since, but did not appear to general observers to be so large.

JONAS, Jamestown.—"Has any player in a game of base ball a right to take more than one base on three called balls?"——Certainly he has, if his opponents allow him to do so by wild pitching, on game balls, as in the case which called forth the above ruling.

A AND B, New Orleans.—A is wrong in his position, for B having lost the toss, had both to treat and pay. A won no money of B by winning the toss, and consequently, as he had nothing to pay, he could claim no treat.

F. W. K.—1. The winning of a heat constitutes a record for the horse equally with the winning of a race. 2. Mr. Higgins is the author of "Out of the Fire," played both at Wood's Museum and the Bowery in this city.

M. A. D., Worcester.—"Two parties are playing seven up. They are six a piece. The dealer turns jack. The non dealer holds the ace. Who goes out first?"——The Jack turned up first scores immediately, and therefore puts the dealer out first.

HUNT, Detroit, Mich.—1. At cribbage, three sevens and an ace count twelve points, viz.—six for fifteens, and six for pair-royal. 2. The ace only counts with the deuce, tray, etc., in a sequence; not with king and queen.

LAURI, Columbia.—1. So far as we know they are responsible. 2. The comic stars do not, generally, receive a salary, but play on sharing terms. 3. Kate Fields is a lecturess. 4. Whitelaw Reid is the present editor of the New York *Tribune*.

DETROIT, Detroit, Mich.—1. We have never heard of a dramatization of the novel you name. 2. Any person can dramatize any novel which does not contain, in addition to the certificate of copyrigh', the words "all rights reserved" printed thereon.

ACTOR, San Francisco, Cal.—The copyright of a translation or adaptation of a French play only extends to that particular work. Any one can make another translation or adaptation of the same piece.

CARD, Carthage, N. Y.—Bruce's "American Turf Register," $5, and Hiram Woodruff's "The Trotting Horse of America," $2.50, are the best works on the subject. You can order them of Ed. James, 88 Centre street, New York.

GAME, Cincinnati, O.—Eight points is entitled to second money, having been second once, third once, and fourth once, which is better than either Brown Keeny, Columbia Chief, Doubtful or Stegreson.

LUCK, St. Louis.—Both bets are drawn. The expression used by A, respecting splits having nothing to do with the bet, did not give him, A, the advantage of a split, but that the bet was off in the event of a split.

C. W. G., Rockton, Ill.—1. For printing send to some of the job printing offices advertised in the CLIPPER. 2. You will not have to obtain a U. S. license, but must procure city or town licenses.

REED.—In placing your nine on the score book for order of striking, lead off with a safe hitter. If you have a weak batter, place him after a good base runner; and your poor base runner should be followed by a good hitter.

LIBERTY, Orange.—If it rains at the place appointed for the match at the hour appointed, and for half an hour thereafter, no forfeit can be claimed. In your case it did not so rain, and you are therefore liable for failure to appear.

J. A. J., Detroit.—Write to some of the managers just such a letter as you sent to us, stating your expectations and desires fairly, and some one may be induced to accept your services and help you along.

H. L., Brooklyn.—We remember the circumstance well, but fear that the piece has been "lost or mislaid." We shall make another search, however. In the meantime, if you have a duplicate please send it along.

H. M., Albany.—1. We cannot assist you in the matter. Your proper course would be to make application in person, or by letter, to those papers on which you would prefer to engage. 2. To parties who need back numbers they would be of value.

E. F. C., Lexington.—Under the circumstances stated by you, the agent who sold to the largest number was the better salesman.

J. HALL, Harrisburg, Pa.—Ed James, who advertises, can supply you with original carte from life at $90 a thousand and copies at $25 a thousand.

PETER Q. BANKER.—1. We prefer the "Fielder's" nine. 2. No, he is not. 3. As strong, but not stronger. 4. Brown, of the Atlantics, is Oliver Brown, and not Worth.

J. S. C., Forest City, U. T.—1. You must either knock or draw: you cannot pass without putting out. 2. A flush beats three of a kind. The guineas by mail.

E. B. L., Niagara Falls.—A loses the bet, to win which Goldsmith Maid must have won a heat in less than 2.17¾. A second horse has no time.

G. W. M., Davenport, Ia.—Trustee, John Stewart, Captain McGowan, Lady Fulton and Mattie Howard have all trotted 20 miles within the hour.

MARINER.—1. We never publish the residences of professional people, but a letter addressed to the party in care of the CLIPPER will reach him. 2. Any one can dramatize an English novel.

H. F. STEVENS, East Saginaw, Mich.—In its present shape it costs $5 for each insertion. With the display type you marked it would have cost $15 a week.

C. Z. SAMPSON.—Ten cents will not pay for an advertisement. Our terms are 15 cents a line, and displayed type is charged for according to the space it takes, agate measure.

F. A., Providence, R. I.—General Grant was a graduate of West Point and served in the Mexican war, but subsequently, prior to the rebellion, followed the occupation of a tanner at Galena, Ill.

G. E. E., Montgomery, Ala.—A letter addressed to Henry Barnum, manager of the Central Park menagerie, in care of the CLIPPER, will reach him.

HEARER, Boston, Mass.—Commence at the lowest round of the ladder and work your way up, is the true plan to insure success in going upon the stage.

A. R. B., Cincinnati.—It is "two for his heels," not "one for his knob," when Jack is turned up to the dealer at cribbage; consequently, B was right in claiming two points.

M. FLYNN, Ballard Vale, Mass.—We cannot decide your bet; a line addressed to the war department, at Washington, might bring you a correct answer. We never heard of such dismissal.

E. W. H., Warren, Ohio.—1. It was intended to convey the impression that he received that sum as his winnings. 2. We do not need any one at present.

WM. W., Providence.—1. It is not of sufficient interest to warrant its publication in our columns. 2. Forrest will probably appear again.

VETERAN, Dayton, O.—D having but one point to go at auction pitch, C's gift of four points put him (D) out at once, without any further play. C could not afford to give him a single point.

DENVER.—B, with no one to go, and having made the two points he gave, high, game, was not set back; therefore he went out before C, with the low.

MACK, Council Bluffs, Ia.—Trustee, Lady Fulton, Capt. McGowan, Jack Stewart and Mattie Howard, have all trotted twenty miles within the hour.

BOXIANA.—You can obtain the rules of the prize ring only by buying "Pistiana," which Ed. James can furnish for $2.50. See his advertisement elsewhere.

A. L., Atchison, Kansas.—There are not more than nineteen tables in Samuells' billiard rooms, Brooklyn, L. I. There were thirty-four, but the upper floor has been cleared out.

J. M.—He was born in this city in 1818. 2. We keep no record of the opening of hotels. An inquiry at the office of those named will give you the required information.

CONSTANT READER, St. Louis.—Try electricity and cold water bathing and take as much walking exercise as possible.

W. C., Fort Wayne, Ind.—New York city has not always gone democratic during the past twenty-five years, for in 1861, Opdyke, republican, was elected mayor.

I. F. J., Petersburgh, Va.—1. Lucy's fastest record is 2.17¾. 2. He can. 3. Longellow will not be trained again. No answers by mail.

CARMARK, Hollyoke, Mass.—1. D is entitled to a run of 4, the cards being played 4, 1, 2, 3. 2. Walker is the standard authority on crib-bage.

R. B.—At poker, the player who straddles the blind has the age until the blind is filled and the cards dealt out, and then the player next the dealer has the privilege of the age.

FIFTH AVE., Pittsburgh, Pa.—Miss Madeline Henriques was a member of the dramatic company of Wallack's Theatre during the season of 1870-1, since which time she has not acted.

P. H. FOAN, New Orleans.—1. You had better ask Mr. Davidson, the Mutual nine manager. 2. Hatfield is captain now, since Pearce resigned.

JAS. OSBORNE.—The boat was built by Robt. Jewett, of Dunston-on-Tyne, and was the same in which Renforth's crew won at Lachine, C. E.

OLDMAN.—The best standing jump on record, level ground without spring shoes, is 13 feet 5¾, inches, made by Ed. Searles, in this country.

CONSTANT READER, Cleveland.—Capt. McGowan, John Stewart, Trustee, Lady Fulton and Mattie Howard, have each trotted twenty miles inside of an hour.

G. W. MAYER.—Isaac Davis is recorded as having swam 8 miles in 1 hour and 35 minutes, down the Sciota river, at Berwick, O., in 1869.

W. F. F.—We answer those queries only after the season is closed, when we compare them with the standing and play of the professionals of the season.

J. W., Newcastle, Pa.—In dealing at forty-fives the dealer must give the same number of cards to each player, including himself: all round, not two to one and three to another, or *vice versa*.

C. B. B., Middleboro', Mass.—We should be pleased to inspect it. Where writers request it, we always return rejected manuscript.

M. D., Cincinnati.—1. The highest card for deal in euchre is Jack. 2. The deuce is the lowest card in seven up. 3. The dealer is entitled to the last shuffle.

DOC, Utica.—Thank you, but the report came to hand too late on Monday evening to be used.

C. M. G., Newport.—It did not reach us until too late for last week's issue.

D. W. W., Galveston, Texas.—The gentleman would find it difficult to sell you himself.

JOE, Philada.—The rule says that the deal shall give two cards to each player, and then three, serving all alike.

J. M. M., Fort Bridger, W. T.—Thank you for the bill of "Old Drury."

W. K. H., Minneapolis, Minn.—We do not know anything of him further than that he acts "squarely" with us.

R. L. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—The company rent offices in the CLIPPER Building.

JOHN, Hanover, Pa.—We do not know anything of him further than that we see his advertisements in the papers.

HARRONS, Cortland, N. Y.—1. Sixty cents for each insertion. 2. No.

JACK LODER.—It is a quotation from a tenor song in one of the operas—"Fra Diavolo," we believe.

J. W. G., Cumberland, Md.—There are no published rules for this aquatic sport; the party offering the prizes make their own rules.

INQUISITIVE, Keokuk.—We are pleased to have so "fair" a correspondent; but base ball for ladies! Don't you do it.

C. HEWITT.—Mace and Sayers never met in the ring together as antagonists.

BILLY A., Peoria, Ill.—The same idea has been worked up before.

D. W. J., Virginia, Nevada.—It is done merely to ascertain which of the papers they advertise in brings them the most business.

FELIX.—C cannot give his cards to B, but must play them; he can play as he thinks proper.

P. T., Jr., North Vernon, Ind.—Longfellow and Lyttleton are both brunettes, with dark eyes. Leamington.

H. S., Shamburg, Pa.—A wins, for he bet that Lucy would take second money or better in the race at Buffalo.

F. M., Dayton.—The game is a draw. The names A and B were playing the card game by special previous agreement.

A MERRY CUSSED.—A can insist on B cutting the cards before he deals.

HANK, Troy.—A loses the bet, which is intended for a clumsy catch.

M. C. C., Racine, Wis.—The 7 of clubs being exposed, must be played, as it was boarded.

SPORTING SUBSCRIBERS, South Easton, Pa.—The Jack is scored the moment it is turned.

T. C., Buffalo.—Dexter's fastest time, 2:17¼, was made at Buffalo.

JOE PROVOST, St. Louis.—In a prize fight, all bets must go as do the main stakes.

A SUBSCRIBER, Charles City, Ia.—The marker was wrong in calling pool before the player.

CONSTANT READER, Francisco, Cal.—All we know about the firm is that they pay us promptly.

S. & L. C., Muscatine, Ia.—Gold was quoted at 28⅜ on July 11th, 1864, and this was the highest point reached during the war.

F. P., JUNCTION.—A player may build up more than one hand at casino, providing he has cards in his hand to back up both piles.

SPORT, Hudson, Mich.—Jay Gould and Judge Fullerton are two different persons. Jay Gould was formerly called Judge Brigham.

R. R. C., Memphis.—A misdeal at casino entails the loss of the game.

S. W., Springfield, O.—We cannot give you the daily circulation of the paper you name.

E. S. E., Paxton, Ill.—Goldsmith Maid's fastest record this year is 2:16¼, made at Boston, Mass. No charge for answers.

J. F., Flint, Mich.—The time of the three minute race at Buffalo last year was 2:36½, 2:37, 2:38. It was won by what is called Judge Brigham.

QUERIST, Fourth Ward.—1. The dailies in question are partial in their report. 2. The CLIPPER alone gives the amateurs a show.

M. C. N., Chicago.—We cannot obtain the information you desire.

PETER, Baltimore.—Coburn defeated McCoole at Charlestown, Cecil Co., Md., May 5, 1863.

SPORT, Auburn.—We have not yet determined what to do in the matter. 2. It would take up more space than we can spare.

JAK STREET, Bangor, Me.—Thank you for the programme. It is not very old, but we may at some future time use it.

J. B. L., Reliance, Ia.—It is a useful improvement on your previous effort, but not quite the thing for publication.

J. H.—Ned O'Baldwin fought Andrew Marsden (twice) and Geo. Hos before coming to this country.

TROY, N. Y.—We shall be pleased to hear from you in reference to the matter.

BALL TOSSER.—Enquire of Peck & Snyder, 126 Nassau street, N. Y.

G. TOMAN.—No; Coburn went to Ireland to fight Mace in 1861, and O'Baldwin did not arrive in this country till December, 1857.

JOHN CRAVEN.—No record of one hour time. Ninety-one miles have been made in 90 minutes.

B. S. AND F., Washington.—As the bet with F. was not renewed, it is "off."

W. SHEPPARD.—It is a secret of the profession with which we are altogether unacquainted.

J. F., Brooklyn.—Jim Mace was born in April, 1831, and fought Tom Allen May 10, 1870.

ARTILLERYMAN, Portland.—John Morrissey's height is 5 feet 11¼ inches.

RICHMOND.—Aaron Jones' height was 5 feet 10¾ inches, and he weighed 170 lbs.

COLUMBIA HOUSE, Philadelphia.—It is necessary that a deposit be put up before your challenge can appear.

J. M. L., Lee, Mass.—For A to win Greeley must carry thirty-six states.

TICKET HOLDER.—We cannot give you any information regarding the lottery.

CLIPPER READER.—1. The Mansfields have disbanded. 2. We prefer Barnes.

C. E. B., Syracuse, N. Y.—We already have a correspondent there.

NOSEY BOY, Alleghany Co.—Flora Temple was foaled in April, 1845, and is consequently 27 years old.

OLD SPORT, Rochester.—You win your bet on time, although bets on the race itself were declared off.

KENYORK.—No time in the bet; he cannot split the third time after drawing to the first.

S. F. D., Cincinnati, O.—Order it through some music dealer in your city.

S. & R., Springfield, O.—Dan Rice is alive and traveling with his Paris Pavilion Circus.

PHENIX, Worcester, Mass.—The bet must be decided by the usual day's work of nine hours.

R. S., Springfield.—There being no official time taken in English racing, it is impossible to decide, and the bet must be drawn.

MARCO, Mobile.—Opinions are divided as to who is the greatest.

G. W. B., Philadelphia.—Thompson's time was 2:19¼.

E. W., Troy.—The Eckfords lost at Troy but won in Brooklyn.

B. & F., Boston, Mass.—Chicago has the larger population.

BALTIMORE.—Yes, doubtful. See our ring department.

T. C. B., Philadelphia, Pa.—Lotta was born in this city.

C. B. K., Chelsea.—We do not need one at present.

MUTUAL ADMIRER.—Inquire of Alex. V. Davidson.

P. T., Memphis.—Jack is entitled to the deal.

J. J. Mc. C., Cincinnati.—Jack is the highest.

S. D., Mobile, Ala.—Respectfully declined.

OMAHA.—He is to be allowed three trials.

F. W. B., Fall River.—The bet is a draw.

W. S. D., Boston.—Not at present.

TRENTON, N. J.—C loses.

X. Y. Z.—We cannot.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT FIGHTING.

The gladiators' return from the war does not exhibit them crowned with glory, neither does it show them with laurels twined around their brows, nor garlands of victory encircling their manly forms. Messrs. O'Baldwin and Mace, in their pursuit of fistic pleasure, find their warlike paths obstructed with difficulties, and their hostile intentions shorn of brilliant achievements. These gentlemen, it is alleged, desire, as the height of their ambition, to meet each other in battle array, and put improved heads in the places of those so liberally provided for them by nature; but their belligerent aims are so grievously interfered with by the myrmidons of the law, or by a failure to mutually agree upon some intelligent gentleman to act as referee, or judge of the contest, as to render null and void the preparations made for a muscular trial of artistic defense and offense. In a word, after repeated journeys, after actually confronting each other within the pugilistic square, and enticing hundreds of admirers to follow them, and witness a combat with nature's weapons, Messrs. Mace and O'Baldwin have progressed no farther in their hostile demonstration than a friendly shake of the hands across what was expected to be, by a confiding assemblage of spectators, "the bloody chasm."

In the good old days when Crib and Spring and gentleman Jackson, and their contemporaries, headed the lists of prize fighters, the Prize Ring was in much better odor than it is at the present day, and, when a match was once entered into, it was almost morally certain that the end would be a fight, for such was the intent of the parties when attaching their names to the protocol of agreement. "Moonlight excursions" and "railroad speculations" had little or nothing to do with the Ring, except so far as car and steamboat might be employed to convey the manual artists and their friends to the locale selected for the exhibition. And when Hyer and Sullivan made their famous match to fight in February, 1849, they determined to meet each other in the Ring, and settle the question of superiority beyond all cavil. When the day arrived, the "myrmidons" were on their track, yet their adversaries cunningly evaded intended capture, and fought one of the most important battles recorded in the annals of the Prize Ring. But many of our latter day pugs resort to every little quibble to avoid a meeting unless there is a positive assurance that a "crowd" will be at hand to win the set-to if it cannot be won fairly by the principals. Men fear to accept the position of referee knowing the danger attached to the office, and the risk they run of being cut to pieces should their conviction of right and justice not be in accordance with the demands of the friends of either principal. Others, again, do come together, as it were, with an understanding how hostilities shall be conducted—that is, that a fight shall take place, but a draw must be the end, and the gate or excursion money equally divided. We have no allusion, in this connection, to Mace and O'Baldwin in their recent attempt to get on; we believe each man meant fight, but each wanted the assistance of a good "crowd," if necessary, or the friendly offices of a partial referee, and it was on this rock they split. That their failure to settle the matter has assisted in disgusting the public with Prize Ring affairs is unquestionable, and we do not wonder at it, for within the past few years nothing but wrangles and sharp practice have characterized the actions of most of those pugs alleged to be ambitious of shining as bright lights in the fistic firmament. It seems to be cunning against cunning, how one shall outwit the other, and gain the stakes at issue without a fight. And in this, the pugs stand in their own light, as they have already discovered in the moderate attendance at benefits, and the disinclination of "backers" to aid them in making good their stakes. Elsewhere, in this number of the CLIPPER, our reporter, who accompanied Mace and O'Baldwin in their travels, gives an account of the proceedings connected with the latest fizzle.

NEWS OF THE WEEK BOILED DOWN.

☞ The civil authorities having been unable to quell the disturbances in Halifax Ireland, on Aug. 19th, surrendered the control of the city into the hands of the military, and the commanding officer issued a proclamation warning all quietly disposed citizens to remain in their houses, stating that every person found in the streets would be looked upon as a rioter and treated accordingly. Business was entirely suspended, and all public houses ordered to close their doors and not to open again until permitted by the authorities. Three large warehouses were gutted by the rioters, and several attempts were made to fire buildings by the rioters, who desired to renew the disorder for the sake of an opportunity to plunder. A policeman named Moore was shot dead and several citizens assaulted. The school houses were destroyed, and it was with difficulty that the churches were saved. The authorities were charged with grave mismanagement, and the citizens threatened to suppress the disorders by forming a vigilance committee. Order was, however, restored by the 23d, and no further disturbance are anticipated. During the riot about 1,000 houses were sacked, and it is believed that a number of rioters were killed and buried secretly by their friends.

☞ The New York State Republican Convention was held at Utica on Aug. 21st, and the following persons were nominated as candidates for office:—General John A. Dix, for governor; Gen. Jno.C. Robinson, for lieutenant-governor; Reuben H. Strond, for canal commissioner; Eaton Sherman, for state prison inspector; Lyman Tremain, congressman at large, and Frederick Douglass (colored), Emil Sauer and Stewart L. Woodford, electors at large.

☞ The Third National Bank, of Baltimore, Md., was broken into between the evening of the 17th and the morning of the 19th, by some parties who rented offices adjoining. A hole was cut through the partition wall and a safe burst open, from which $87,000 in greenbacks, several bonds, and a large amount in private deposits were stolen. $10,000 reward is offered for the recovery of the property.

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☞ The bodies of five persons, Mr. Oms, his wife, two children and a young man named Dickinson, were found in a covered wagon, driven by a man named Osborne, at Clermont, O., on Aug. 20th. Osborne confessed that the murders were committed by one Williams, near Holton, Kansas, and that he had traveled with the load five days.

☞ A fire at Pizze's pork establishment, 102 Thompson st., N. Y., on Aug. 20th, caused a loss of $12,000. A man named Raum, in the building at the time, had a most providential escape from death. Being unable to escape, he groped about until he found the ice box, into which he crept, and where he was found two hours later by the firemen, unhurt, but in a fainting condition.

☞ A Mrs. Krueger, residing with her husband at 149 Essex street, N. Y., for about five months, committed suicide on Aug. 19th by taking poison. She had been separated from her husband and lived with another man, but had left her paramour and returned to Krueger.

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☞ An upright boiler in McDonald's farm, at St. Louis, Mo., exploded on Aug. 19th, seriously scalding and injuring four men.

☞ James Daniels, of Boston, Mass., drowned himself at New Orleans, La., on Aug. 23d, by shooting him

BASE BALL.

PROFESSIONAL GAMES THIS WEEK.
Aug. 27th, Baltimore vs. Eckford, Union Ground.
Aug. 29th, Athletic vs. Atlantic, Capitoline Ground.
Aug. 30th, Athletic vs. Mutual, Union Ground.
Aug. 31st, Boston vs. Mutual, Boston.

BALTIMORE vs. MUTUAL.

These clubs played their sixth regular game together on Aug. 26th, on the Union grounds, in the presence of about 800 people only, the weather being very hot, and half a dollar admission being charged. The Baltimores led from the start, and punished Cummings' pitching without difficulty, as will be seen from the appended score:—

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	BALTIMORE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Eggler, c f	1	0	5	0	Radcliff, s s	1	2	1	1
Hatfield, 2d b	0	1	3	4	Higham, c	1	3	6	1
Start, 1st b	0	1	9	0	Force, 3d b	0	2	2	3
Bechtel, r f	1	1	0	0	Pike, r f	0	3	1	0
Hicks, c	0	1	8	1	York, l f	0	1	0	0
Pearce, s s	0	1	1	4	Matthews, p	1	1	0	2
McMullin, l f	0	1	2	0	Hall, c f	1	1	2	0
Fulmer, 3 b	0	0	0	2	Mills, 1 b	0	1	7	0
					Carey, 2 b	0	1	3	2
Totals	7	7	27	11	Totals	10	16	27	7

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	0	0	0	0	4	1	0	1	1—7
Baltimore	1	0	0	0	4	0	0	5	0—10

First base by errors—Mutual, 3 Baltimore, 4. Runs earned—Mutual, 0; Baltimore, 6. Total fielding errors—Mutual, 14; Baltimore, 9. Umpire—Mr. Ferguson. Time of game—2 hours.

MUTUAL vs. RESOLUTE.
An Exciting Contest.

Among the co-operative nines which are run under amateur auspices, one of the most prominent this season is the Resolute nine of Elizabeth, N. J., which includes Austin, of the old Morrisania Unions; Wadsworth, Laughlin, Wardell and Dooney, of New York junior nines of 1871; Hugh Campbell and Mike Campbell, of the old Irvington nine; Farrow, of Newark, and Phelps, of Brooklyn. This nine have played the following games this season:—

April 24, Resolute vs. Franklin, at Rahway	39 to 0
April 29, Resolute vs. Amateur, at Elizabeth	48 7
May 2, Resolute vs. Franklin, at Rahway	37 4
May 9, Resolute vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	11 7
May 28, Resolute vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	14 11
May 31, Resolute vs. Mansfield, at Waverly	5 8
June 20, Resolute vs. Mutual, at Elizabeth	4 5
June 21, Resolute vs. Champion, at Elizabeth	12 9
June 27, Resolute vs. Silver Star, at Elizabeth	21 27
July 8, Resolute vs. Perry, at Elizabeth	28 1
July 23, Resolute vs. Dramatic, at Bergen	51 12
July 26, Resolute vs. Boston, at Waverly	1 9
Aug. 2, Resolute vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	0 5
Aug. 6, Resolute vs. Eckford, at Brooklyn	3 2
Aug. 23, Resolute vs. Mutual, at Waverly	7 5
Victories, 10; Defeats, 5.	350 112

The Resolutes play their principal matches at the Waverly Fair Grounds, between Newark and Elizabeth, and of course derive the major part of their players to the extent of receipts from gate money. It will be seen, from the above record, that they have played some noteworthy games, among which their defeat of the new nine of the Eckfords was the leading triumph. They defeated the Atlantics and the Mansfields, kept the score of the Reds down to 9, and that of the Mutuals down to 5 in two games. This shows strong play, and with their full nine out few clubs can get away with them, a fact practically realized on Aug. 23d, by the Mutual nine, on the occasion of their return game with the "Jersey champions" at Waverly.

The Resolutes entered upon this contest minus the services of Dooney, their third baseman, "Thomas"—their amateur substitute—being named to play the position. He declined, however, and I Phelps reluctantly filled it, he not being an in-fielder. The Mutuals placed Pearce again in his old position, with Fulmer at third in Boyd's place. The attendance was quite numerous for the Waverly grounds, considerable interest being taken in the match, as it was expected that the Jersey nine would make a close fight of it, though the Mutes did not regard the contest in that light, they going into the match quite confident of success. As it was not a championship match, and as also but little money was invested as wagers on the result, it was not a matter of much moment to the Mutes which side won, except that they would not care about being whipped by amateur co-operatives; but, according to the opinion of one of the Resolute Club directors, the result of the contest was regarded as of so much importance to the Mutual Club, it is alleged, as to warrant their inducing one of the Resolute nine to favor their side when it was seen that they, the Mutes, were likely to be defeated. But not to forestall things, we will first describe the game, and then the little disgraceful row that was caused by one of the officials of the Resolute Club.

The Resolutes went to the bat at 4 P. M., and opened play in lively style and rather to the surprise of Cummings, who did not relish the way he was hit. Austin opened with a hot one to Fulmer, who, failing to throw the ball accurately, gave Austin a life. Then Loughlin hit a hot bounder to right shoot, which Hatfield failed to attend to properly, a chance for a double play being thereby lost. Farrow was next, and with a lively bounder to left field, which McMullen failed to stop, he made two bases, earning one. Hugh Campbell then hit safely to right field, and two men came in. Wardell and Tom then retired on caught balls, but by Wadsworth's safe hit a third run was secured, Mike Campbell closing the innings by tipping out. This was an unexpected opening to the Mutuals, and they went in to offset it by some heavy hitting, but somehow or other they hit balls which were easily fielded, the result being a duck egg. With a lead of 3 to 0 the Resolutes went in quite happy, and they looked for some of the same sort. By this time Cummings had settled down to his work, and the Mutes had resolved that they had no trifling task before them to win, and so the Resolutes did not find it so easy to get ase hits; in fact, they retired in one, two, three order, Cummings pitching for catches.

In the second innings the Mutuals began to score, Start leading off with a base hit, and after Bechtel had been splendidly fielded out by Wadsworth—whose fielding was the feature of the match—Hicks and Pearce came to the rescue with base hits, and before the innings closed two runs were scored, one earned. The game was now in a very interesting position, "ye country nine" having the lead over "ye city ball tossers" by 5 to 2. From this time to the sixth innings not a run was added to their scores by either party; the fielding was sharp on both sides; Wadsworth's short stopping was quite up to George Wright's highest mark, and he had the most work to do. Hatfield made a base hit in the third innings, and Fulmer and the "blonde" in the fifth, and McMullen in the sixth, but before a run could be earned the side was put out.

In the sixth innings of the Resolute nine Hugh Campbell opened with a safe hit, and, by a muff of Pearce's, Wardell had a life given him, Campbell also getting to his second. "Tom" then hit safely, and three men were on bases and "many a fellow out," when Wadsworth sent an easy ball to Cummings, who promptly forwarded it to Hicks, and the latter throwing it to Fulmer, Hugh Campbell and Wardell were forced out at home and third bases. Hugh Campbell committed a blunder in not running home when the ball was hit, as by so doing he could have given Wardell a chance to get to third. Instead, however, he ran back. As it was, two were retired, leaving two on the bases. Mike Campbell now hit safely and sent Tom home, one run being scored and earned. This was the last run scored by the Resolutes, not a base hit afterwards being obtained. When the Mutuals went into their ninth innings the score stood at four to two against them, with their defeat almost a sure thing, apparently. Like most co-operative nines, however, the Resolutes lacked nerve and steadiness when it was most wanted. The ninth innings of the Mutuals was an exciting one and the way they scratched their way out of almost assured defeat was noteworthy. Aleck Dawidson left the ground after seeing one man out, not caring to be "in at the death." McMullen, after two strikes, hit to Wadsworth, who made a fine stop of the ball but could not get it to Mike in time. Then Fulmer popped one up, which Wadsworth attended to on the fly—one out and one man on the base. McMullen then tried to steal to second, but had Farrow thrown straight he would have been out, the wide throw and Laughlin's failure to hold the ball, however, gave Mack his second. Now it was that things looked bad. Cummings was at the bat, with Eggler to follow and one man out, and as neither had done anything at the bat previously the chances were their retirement. Cummings, however, let a hot ball to Phelps, who, failing to handle it in time, threw it hastily and wildly over Mike's head. On this Cummings reached his third, and McMullen got home—score 4 to 3, still in favor of the Resolutes. As Phelps was a Brooklyn player, and employed on the ground, he became the target at once for unjust suspicion, and as some loud comments were made he became unable to field, and when Eggler hit a ball to him he again muffed it, though the error kept Cummings from setting home. Hatfield was next, and hitting the ball to Loughlin, the latter threw it to Mike instead of Farrow, and though Hatfield was put out, Cummings got in the tie run. Being now safe, the Mutuals had no difficulty in making the winning run, and as Wadsworth assisted them with a muff, Eggler was sent home. Just at this time a big man went to the field, and openly charged Phelps with selling the game, and for the time being play was suspended. He might as reasonably have charged Farrow with the same foul play for his errors on passed balls, or Hugh Campbell for his wild pitching. Finally, after a stir by Hicks—three first base hits being made—Pearce was caught on the fly and the game was ended. The score is as follows:—

RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Austin, c f	0	1	4	0	Eggler, c f	1	2	2	0
Laughlin, 2d b	1	0	4	0	Hatfield, 2d b	0	2	2	1
Farrow, c	1	1	4	1	Start, 1st b	1	3	8	0
H. Campbell, p	0	2	2	1	Bechtel, r f	0	0	0	0
Wardell, 1 f	0	0	0	0	Hicks, c	1	2	7	2
Layman, r f	1	1	0	0	Pearce, s s	0	1	1	2
Wadsworth, s s	0	1	2	8	McMullen, 1 f	1	2	2	0
M. Campbell, 1st b	1	1	10	0	Fulmer, 3d b	0	0	4	2
Phelps, 3d b	0	1	1	1	Cummings, p	1	1	1	2
Totals	4	7	27	11	Totals	5	13	27	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Resolute	3	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0—4
Mutual	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	3—5

Runs earned—Resolute, 1; Mutual, 1. First base on errors—Resolute, 3 times; Mutual, 3 times. Total fielding errors—Resolute, 11; Mutual, 5. Umpire—Mr. Worth, Star Club. Time of game, one hour and 45 minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. BALTIMORE.

The sixth championship game between the Athletics, of Philadelphia, and the Baltimores, of Baltimore, was played on the 22d inst., on the grounds of the latter club, Newington, near Baltimore. Notwithstanding the day was one of the warmest of the season, nearly two thousand persons were congregated together on this occasion. The Athletics were short-handed, Reach taking the place of Meyerle, the latter being sick and unable to play. The Baltimores presented their strongest nine, although the judgment of th emanagers in leaving off such an excellent fielder as York is, to say the least, rather questionable. The Athletics, at first took the lead, Cuthbert getting earned runs in the first and third innings, and Al. Reach a run on called balls in the fifth, he being sent home by three good hits of Malone; and these were all the runs the Athletics obtained in the game. The Baltimores failed to score until the sixth innings, when an error by Anson gave Higham a base, and he was sent home by Pike's good hit, the latter by taking advantage of Keating's passed ball soon afterward. Fisher pitched for the Baltimores the last three innings, and with such effect that the Athletics were unable to make a clean hit off his delivery. The Baltimores took the lead on the eighth innings by scoring two runs, one of which was earned by Force and Pike's good hits, and the other one was given on called balls, aided by a close decision at third base in favor of the base runner. The Athletics being blanked in the last innings, gave the victory to the Baltimores, who still further increased their majority by scoring four runs, instead of a blank, Malone, Cuthbert, Fister and McGeary being responsible for the extra runs. The game was very closely contested up to the very last innings, and was about the best played of the series between these two clubs. The fine batting and fielding of Force may be said to have won the game for the Baltimores. The Athletics played a remarkably good fielding game up to the last innings, but were very weak at the bat, Malone being the only exception. The Baltimores also played well in the field, but at the bat were even weaker than their opponents. We give below the score:—

ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	BALTIMORE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Cuthbert, l f	2	3	4	0	Radcliff, s s	0	0	1	0
McBride, p	0	0	1	0	Higham, c	1	1	4	1
Reach, r f	0	0	0	0	Force, 3d b	2	2	1	4
Malone, 1st b	0	3	10	0	Pike, r f	1	2	3	0
Fister, 2d b	0	1	2	3	Fisher, c f	0	1	1	2
Treacy, c f	0	0	3	0	Matthews, p	0	0	1	1
Anson, 3d b	0	0	1	3	Hall, l f	0	0	0	0
Mack, s s	0	1	1	3	Mills, 1st b	0	2	10	0
McGeary, c	0	1	4	0	Carey, 2d b	1	1	2	0
Totals	3	9	27	9	Totals	5	10	27	8

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Athletic	1	0	1	0	1	0	0	0	0—3
Baltimore	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	0	2—5

Double plays—Anson and Malone. First base by errors—Athletic, 6; Baltimore, 6. Runs earned—Athletic, 2; Baltimore, 1. Umpire—Mr. Barrett, of the Pastimes, of Baltimore. Time of game—3 hours and 10 minutes.

ATHLETIC vs. BALTIMORE.

On the 24th inst. the seventh championship game between the Athletic and Baltimore clubs was played at Twenty-fifth and Jefferson streets, Philadelphia. The weather was very pleasant, and nearly two thousand persons were present, in the expectation of seeing a finely played game, but they were destined to be disappointed, as the Athletics played throughout in a slovenly and listless manner, and even when they had victory in their own hands they allowed it to escape their grasp by their glaring errors of fielding. Both nines were the same as in the preceding game in Baltimore, and yet the Athletics were decided favorites in the betting at the odds of 100 to 50, although they had been defeated by the Baltimores on the occasion above mentioned. Bob Ferguson was selected to fill the position of umpire, which he did to the satisfaction of all concerned. Malone, of the Athletics, first took the field. Both nines failed to score in the first two innings. Treacy putting out four of the Baltimores, one being an especially brilliant running catch. Three errors by Fister and one by Anson gave four of the Baltimores their bases in the third innings, and Carey scored an unearned run thereby. The Baltimores, in the fourth innings, put on three more unearned runs, all made after two outside were out, owing to an error of Mack's. The Athletics then scored their first run, McBride getting one base by a good left field hit, and coming home on wild throws by Force and Radcliff. The only run scored in the fifth, sixth and seventh innings was one by the Baltimores, given in consideration of poor throwing to first base. The score now stood 5 to 1 in favor of the Baltimore, and a majority of these present were of the opinion that the "dog was dead," but in the next inning the Athletics came to the front by scoring seven runs, the excitement as they added runs being very great. The first two strikers made their bases by good hits, and then Fisher went in to pitch, but no poorly was he supported that before the innings were concluded the Athletics had scored four runs, principally by the wild throwing and muffing of the Baltimores. Force particularly playing poorly. This gave the Athletics the lead, and they, naturally, have won with an inning to spare, and their friends felt very jubilant. The two first strikers of the Baltimores, Mills and Carey, hit out well, and the first and second bases were occupied, when Anson, at third, badly muffed a grounder from Radcliff's bat, on which he could easily have made a double play. There was room on the bases when Higham gave Fisher another chance to put out two men; but this was also declined, and two runs came home. The next two strikers were put out, and the Athletics were left one ahead. Fisher should have been put out, but Mack, who had stopped his grounder, made a futile effort to put out Radcliff at third, instead of throwing the ball to first. Base hits by Matthews, Hall and Mills, and a wild throw by Anson allowed the Baltimores to run up their score to seven in this manner, and the Athletics being blanked in their last innings of Matthews' pitching, the Baltimores won by a score of 12 to 6. Carey, Cuthbert and Treacy played finely in the field, all the others being charged with more or less damaging errors, those of the Baltimores being principally in the eight innings. The score of this exciting but poorly played game was as follows:—

ECKFORD.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
D. Allison, c	1	3	3	0	Eggler, c f	3	1	1	0
Wood, 2d b	0	1	4	4	Hatfield, 2d b	2	3	2	3
Martin, r f	0	0	1	0	Start, 1st b	0	1	9	0
Nelson, c f	0	1	3	0	Bechtel, r f	0	2	1	0
A. Allison, 1st b	0	0	13	0	Hicks, c	0	2	7	0
Gedney, 3d b	1	2	1	2	Pearce, s s	0	1	1	4
Snyder, s s	0	2	1	6	McMullin, l f	0	0	4	0
Zetilein, p	0	0	0	1	Cummings, p	1	1	0	3
Clinton, 3d b	0	1	0	3	Fulmer, 3d b	1	2	2	2
Totals	2	9	27	14	Totals	7	13	27	11

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Eckford	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—2
Mutual	0	0	3	0	0	0	3	0	0—7

First base by errors—Eckford, 4; Mutual, 3. Runs earned—Eckford, 1; Mutual, 2. Total fielding errors—Eckford, 6; Mutual, 6. Umpire—Mr. Burdock, of the Atlantic Club.

PUTNAM vs. BURNSIDE.

The Burnsides, of Brooklyn, visited Troy, N. Y., on the 23d inst., to play the Putnams, and the manner in which the latter "knocked them out of time" made them open their eyes. The game was finely played, but the batting of the Putnams could not be overcome by the Brooklyn boys. We give the score:—

PUTNAMS.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	BURNSIDES.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Noxon, 1st b	3	4	9	0	Conlon, p	1	3	1	2
King, l f	2	1	4	0	Cavanagh, c	1	1	4	5
Bellan, s s	4	6	1	5	Higbie, l f	3	1	1	0
Lashway, r f	4	5	0	0	Barrett, c f	0	2	2	0
Bowden, 3d b	3	4	1	2	Turley, 2d b	1	2	5	0
Murphy, c f	2	3	5	0	Ladwith, 3d b	0	1	2	3
Bulls, c	2	2	6	0	Shaw, 1 s b	0	0	7	0
Cotter, p	3	4	0	2	Heyburn, r f	0	2	2	0
Bouker, 2d b	2	6	2	2	Moore, 1st b	0	0	10	0
Totals	23	34	27	11	Totals	7	8	27	9

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Putnams	0	0	6	6	2	0	1	3	—23
Burnsides	2	2	0	0	0	2	0	1	—7

Runs earned—Putnams, 19; Burnsides, 4. First base on errors—Putnams, 5; Burnsides, 4. Umpire—Mr. T. Barlow, of the Atlantics, of Brooklyn.

DRAMATIC vs. CHAMPIONS.

These two clubs were to play their return game on August 23d, at Bergen, N. J. The Dramatics waited two hours for the Champions, and then made up a field nine and played a game. The Dramatics claim the game of the Champions by a score of 9 to 0. Score:—

DRAMATIC.	R.	FIELD.	R.
Moore, 1st b	2	Dooley, 2d b	2
Lynch, c f	3	Annis, p	1
McDermott, 2d b	2	Clark, s s	3
Beach, s s	2	Ward, c	3
Gilmore, 3d b	1	McDowell, l f	0
Fallon, r f	2	Askin, c f	1
Gallager, p	1	Openshaw, 1st b	1
Vill, l f	2	McGinnis, r f	1
McGlynn, c	3	McCarty, 3d b	0
		Layster, r f	0
Total	18	Total	10

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th
Dramatic	3	0	3	2	6	1	6—18
Field	0	2	3	1	0	1	3—10

Umpire—Kahn, Athenian B. B. C.

MUTUAL vs. ATHLETIC.

These clubs played their fifth game together on Aug 19th, on which occasion the Athletics came off victorious, through the poor fielding of the Mutuals in the 9th innings. We have only space for the score, which gives the details:—

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	ATHLETIC.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.
Eggler, c f	1	0	4	0	Cuthbert, l f	1	1	1	0
Hatfield, 2d b	2	2	3	4	McBride, p	1	1	1	3
Start, 1st b	2	2	8	0	Meyerle, r f	1	1	2	0
Bechtel, r f	2	2	2	0	Malone, 1st b	1	2	5	0
Hicks, c	1	3	5	0	Fister, 2d b	1	1	1	4
Boyd, 3d b	1	2	1	2	Treacy, c f	1	3	0	0
McMullen, l f	1	1	3	0	Anson, 3d b	1	1	0	4
Fulmer, s s	1	1	4	3	Mack, 1st b	1	0	3	2
Cummings, p	0	1	0	2	McGeary, c	0	2	7	1
Totals	12	15	27	9	Totals	9	14	27	14

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Mutual	3	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0—12
Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2—14

Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Athletic, 7. Umpire—Fred. Erbe, of the Chicago Club. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

NAMELESS VS. AMERICUS.—The former club, of Brooklyn, and the latter, of Greenwich, Conn., played at Prospect Park on Aug. 24th, with the appended result:—

INNINGS.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Americus	2	2	3	3	0	1	0	0	0—11
Nameless	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

This makes 14 victories out of 18 games for the Nameless.

CRICKET.

THE ENGLISH AMATEUR CRICKETERS AT MONTREAL.
The Canadians Badly Beaten.

The team of amateur players from England arrived at Quebec, C. E., last week, and were entertained by the governor-general at a banquet. Upon their arrival in Montreal a dinner was given in their honor, the mayor presiding, and welcoming the strangers in a feeling speech, in which the freedom of the city was tendered. Late on the afternoon of the 23d inst. they opened play in a match with the Montreal twenty-two, the new comers going to the bat. Messrs. Grace and Ottoway were the first strikers, and they succeeded in running up 115 before they parted company, Grace contributing 84 in the face of admirable bowling. The second wicket fell for 118, Ottoway scoring 24; and the third for 136, Hornby carrying his bat out for 10. Seventy-five "overs" were bowled by the Canadians for 123 runs, the extras being 14, of which nine were byes. Hardman and Laing bowled three or four "maiden overs" in succession. The fielding was not up to the mark, several catches being missed. The ground was in excellent order, and everything was done by the Montreal Club to make the arrangements complete. On the 23d the eleven completed their innings, with a total of 256 to their credit. The twenty-two in their first innings were disposed of with the small score of 48, which, of course, obliged them to go in again to their second innings, and, on the 24th, their innings closed with a score of 64, leaving their total at 140 less than that of the eleven. The score of the English team was as follows:—

Grace et Laing b Hardman	84
Ottoway b Hardman	24
Hornby b w b Laing	39
A. Lubbock b Laing	0
Francis et McKenzie b M'Lean II	1
Mr. Hadow, having been severely injured by an accident on the cars from Quebec, was unable to take part in the game, and Mr. A. Fitzgerald being absent also, only ten men took the field. On the 27th inst. the visiting players were to have met the Ottawa Club. An invitation to visit New York having been extended them by the St. George Club, which has been accepted, they will play against that organization at Hoboken, N. J., on Sept. 18th and 19th, when those who admire superb cricketing will be afforded a treat.	

Bowsy b Hardman	0
E. Lubbock et Mills b McLean	18
Appleby et Hardman b Green	9
Rose not out	0
Pickering et Mills b Green	19

THE ENGLISH ELEVEN will play in Philadelphia on Sept. 21st, 23d and 24th, against twenty-two American cricketers. Practice matches for the twenty-two will be played on the Germantown grounds, Philadelphia, every Saturday until the 21st prox. An enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Grace offers to wager that he will make more runs in one innings than any twenty-two in the United States or Canada.

ST. GEORGE VS. GERMANTOWN.—The match between these cricket clubs, respectively of this city and Philadelphia, will be played, weather permitting, on the grounds of the former, at Hoboken, N J., on Aug. 30th and 31st, play to be called at noon.

ST. GEORGE VS. MANHATTAN.—These New York clubs played a game together on Aug. 22d and 23d, play commencing at 3 P. M. each day. The St. George presented but seven men and the Manhattan but nine. It amounted to a practice match only. The result was 81 to 78 in favor of St. George.

THE TRIGGER.

PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT AT CHICAGO.

The pigeon shooting tournament held under the auspices of the Kennicott Shooting Club, of Chicago, commenced at Dexter Park on the 15th inst. and continued five days. The weather was unfavorable for the sport, and the attendance was limited. In the single bird shooting, each contestant had 10 single rises, and in double birds, shooting 10 double rises, H and T traps, set five yards apart, 21 yards rise and 30 yards boundary. On the first day the prizes were:—1, a first class breech loading double barrel gun, worth $250; 2d, $150 in money; 3d, $75 in money; 4th, Remington army revolver, with ivory handle, gold and silver plated, value $30. There were 48 entries, and the first prize was won by Mr. Price, the second by Wm. Price, the third by J. Reeves, and the fourth by H. Huntingdon. Among the contestants were Bogardus, Dorzey, Kleinman and Miles Johnson.

On the second day the first prize was $300 in greenbacks; the second a ladies' gold watch, value $150; the third $70 in money, and the fourth a pair of sleeve buttons, worth $30. There were 39 entries, and I. J. Kleinman won the first prize; H. N. Sherman the second; A. Price the third; and G. W. Eagleson, the manager of the tournament, the fourth prize. Capt. Bogardus, Miles Johnson and W. Taylor were among the shooters. On the third day, 63 entries. Abe Kleinman won the first prize, a gold watch and chain, worth $300; H. Kleinman the second, $150 in money; G. K. Pheatt the third, $75, and T. Muskey the fourth, $30.

On the fourth day, double bird shooting, 44 entries. Abe Kleinman again won the first prize, of $225; Miles Johnson the second, of $150; and W. Dorzey the third, of $75. H. E. Thomas won the third prize, of $75. On the fifth and last day, the great event was the Kennicott club prize, value $125, for amateurs only, each known club in the States and Canada being allowed to enter two contestants. The Pioneer club, of Edgerton, Wis., represented by Messrs. W. Taylor and H. N. Sherman, won the prize.

A PIGEON SHOOTING MATCH occurred at East Buffalo, N. Y., on the afternoon of the 20th inst., between W. C. Weiss, of the Queen City Club, and Mr. George Meister, of the Audubon Club, at fifty birds each, which, from the known skill of the shootists, attracted a large assembly of sports. Weiss being the favorite at 2 to 1 in betting before the first trap, as the "blazing away" proceeded, however, gyrations and muffs until they assumed the reverse order, for Meister proved the best marksman, killing no fewer than thirteen times in succession, until, finally, he proved winner, having mortally wounded within the prescribed range of 30 or 31 of his 50 birds, to his opponent's 29, thereby becoming entitled to the $50 a side shot for. The rise was 21 yards, from ground traps. The umpires were H. M. Clay for Meister, and J. B. Higham for Weiss. Referee, John Sid Vail.

A PIGEON FOR occurred at Pekin, Ill., on Aug. 17th, between Frank Withers and Job. Ayers, for $25 a side, at five birds each, which Withers won by killing four birds to Ayers' two. After this, Job Ellesley, Jos. Ayers, Terry Beery and Frank Withers went into a sweepstakes at five birds each, which resulted in a tie between Ayers and Withers, who killed all their birds. In shooting off, Withers won, Ayers missing his second bird.

THE MILL CREEK VALLEY SHOOTING CLUB, of Cincinnati, Ohio, William Schuet, Gilbert, near the Exposition Park, on the 15th inst., and indulged in a shooting match, which resulted as per the following score:—

	Killed.	Missed.		Killed.	Missed.
Caleb Dodsworth	13	2	Wm. F. Yeatman	9	5
J. R. Westcot	11	3	Henry Godelman	9	6

THE TURF.

THE COLD SPRING MEETING.

The summer meeting at this Milwaukee, Wis., course, commenced on Tuesday, the 20th inst., under but very auspicious circumstances, the attendance not being large, the sport only from fair to middling, and the purses not very liberal. We append the summaries:—

FIRST DAY, Tuesday, Aug. 20th.—Trot for a purse of $1,000, mile heats, best three in five, to harness, for horses that have never beat 2.35; $500 to the first, $300 to the second, $150 to the third, and $100 to the fourth.

O. A. Hickok entered s s Elmo	1	1	1
J. D. Moss entered br h General Howard	2	2	2
Budd. Doble entered b m Greenwich Maid	3	dis	

Time, 2:38¼; 2:35¼; 2:39¾.

SAME DAY.—Running race, free to all, best 3 in 5, mile heats, purse $400, $300 to first, $150 to second, and $50 to third.

Wm. Patrick entered b m Fairchild	1	1	1
J. Pidgeon entered b g Protection	3	2	3
J. Degmass entered gr s Jim Comens	2	3	2

Time, 1:33; 1:40¾; 1:47¾.

THE TROTTING ASSOCIATON.—MEETING OF THE BOARD OF APPEALS.—The semi annual meeting of the Board of Appeals was held at the Everett House, in this city, on Saturday, the 24th inst. This meeting was announced for July 9th, at Providence, R. I., but was then adjourned in consequence of a quorum not being present. The members present on Saturday were, Gates H. Brown, of Troy; H. S. Russell, of Boston; and T. J. Vail, of Hartford. Mr. George H. Smith having resigned the secretaryship to the association, to take the management of a new line of street railroads in London, Mr. David S. Longstreet, of Providence, R. I., was appointed his successor. In the appeal case of Edward S. Stokes, of Fisk shooting notoriety, against H. N. Smith, in reference to the $10,000 bet between Josephine and Juno, no action was taken, neither party appearing, and it was continued to the next meeting. The appeals of Chas. S. Green vs. Prospect Park Fair Grounds Association; of Daniel B. Hibbard vs. Quicksteps, Park Association; and of L. L. Dorsay vs. same, were allowed, and the appellants reinstated. The petitions of the Bay District Association, San Francisco, for removal of penalty of expulsion, now in force against Charles Kerr and his horse Charley; and of Prospect Park Fair Ground Association for the reinstatement of Phillip Collins, were agreed to. In the case of John L. Baker vs. Fleetwood Park Association, it was decided and ordered that the association refused to Mr. Baker the amount of entrance money charged, together with interest at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum, from the time the money was paid in. The petition of Warren W. Paine, vs. Rensaella ex Park Association, for a new trial, was denied on the ground of insufficient reason, as was also the petition of Charles Pearce, vs. T. Terwilliger, for removal of the penalty of expulsion. The petition of the Harlem Fair Association, for the removal of penalty of expulsion in force against the horse Hotspur, was disallowed. The meeting then adjourned.

RACING AT LONG BRANCH.—The numerous visitors at Long Branch having expressed to Mr. John Chamberlin an earnest desire that there should be some racing during the season of 1872, that enterprising gentleman, with his accustomed liberality, has issued a programme for a grand day's racing, to take place on Thursday, the 29th inst., at Monmouth Park. There are two purses to be contended for, for all horses, for which Harry Bassett barred; the winner to take $1,750; the second, $500, and the third horse $250. The second race is a steeple chase handicap of $1,000; $200 to the third horse, and $100 to the fourth, and the reteree awarded the money to Ned. He was subsequently matched with Joe Wormald, but he was chiseled out of the stakes, and afterwards made a match with Jim Mace, but it ended in a draw, the latter being arrested on the ring prior to that named for the fight. He arrived at New York from England, Dec. 31, 1867, and was shortly afterwards matched with Tom Allen, from whom he received forfeit of $50, in January, 1868. Shortly after the arrival of Wormald in the country, in August, 1868, a match was made between him and Ned, and after being twice interfered with by the police, they met at Lynnfield, Mass., Oct. 28th, 1868, when, after fighting 2 hours and 12 minutes, the police arrested both men. O'Baldwin was subsequently sentenced to imprisonment in the House of Correction, Lawrence, Mass., for a term of eighteen months, being released April 27th, 1871. Last spring he was matched with Jim Mace again, for $1,000 a side. They were to have fought in Virginia on Aug. 15th, but the United States authorities prevented the excursion boats leaving Baltimore, both men also being placed under bonds not to fight in either Maryland or Virginia. Another unsuccessful attempt was made to bring the fight off last week in West Virginia (full particulars of which are given elsewhere), and the match is still pending.

THE QUO

THE DYING STREET ARAB.

I know what you mean, I'm a dyer'—
Well, I aint no worse nor the rest,
'Twixt them as does scribe' bat prayin',
I reckons, as 'tis the best.

I aint had no father nor mother
A t'ellin' me wrong fron the right,
The streets aint the place—is it parson?—
For sayin' your prayers of a night!

Never knowed who was my father,
And mother she died long ago.
The folks here they brought me up somehow—
It aint much they've teached me, I know.

Yet I thinks they'll be sorry and miss me
When look right away from this here,
For sometimes I catches them slyly
A wipin' away of a tear.

And they says as they hopes I'll get better,
I can't be no worse when I'm dead.
I aint had so jolly a time on't—
A dyin' by inches for bread.

I've stood in them streets precious often
When the wet's been a pourin' down,
And I aint had so much as a mouthful,
Nor never so much as a brown.

I've looked in them shops with the winders
Choke full of what's tidy to eat,
And I've heerd gents a larfin' and talkin',
While I drops like a dorg at their feet.

But it's kind on you, sir, to sit by me;
I aint now afeerd o' your face;
And I hopes, if it's true as you tells me,
We'll meet in that t'other place.

I hopes as you'll come when it's over,
And talk to them here in the court;
They'll mind what you says, you're a parson;
There won't be no larkin nor sport.

You'll tell them as how I died happy,
And hopin' to see them again;
That I'm gone to that land where the weary
Is freed of his trouble and pain.

Now, open that book as you give me—
I feel as it never tells lies—
And read me them words—do you know, guv'nor—
As is good for a chap wi'n he dies.

There, give me your hand, sir, and thank'ee
For the good as you've done a poor lad;
Who knows, had they teached me some better,
I mightn't have growed up so bad?

AN ADVENTURE IN DIAMOND LAND.

BY ISABELLA MUNRO.

"And now I have a tale to tell you," said our old Cape friend, Mr. Robert Lyle, as he sat beside a blazing fire in our English home.

"A tale from you, that will be a marvel, you never showed yourself so complaisant at Fort Nash."

"Ah, that dreary Fort Nash!" and as it was, the most dreary of all the long linked line of military posts stretching along the south African frontier; a dot in that wilderness of wild plateaus and wilder ravines, where news was scarce and visitants scarcer; where our sole pleasure by day was to wander through the leafy woods, gathering their rare blossoms; our only amusement in the long sultry evenings (for the summer day is shorter than in higher latitudes), to listen to each other's stories. How many a tale those bare walls have listened to, gay, sad, pathetic, chivalric, heroic, decreasing in range and earnest as life, for they were real life histories. Great was our joy at the end of a year's banishment, to return to the regions of civilisation, yet it was not without deep regret that, eighteen months after, we heard the old fort had been surrounded by thousands of Kafirs, that the inmates had been, with difficulty, rescued, and that the assailants had given the walls of our recent home to the flames.

It was there we first made the acquaintance of Robert, otherwise Nimrod Lyle—for he was a mighty hunter, and there the tale he had now to tell would have been received with the deepest interest.

"It is some years since," he began, "that, owing perhaps, to my knowledge of the Kafir languages, I was selected by government for a mission to Moselakatz, chief of the Amapondas, and also to the King of Namaqualand, powerful and warlike savage potentates, whose good-will in case of a Kafir outbreak it was important to secure.

To economise time I took ship to Natal, which put me well forward on my journey, and as my errand was to be masked under the semblance of a hunting expedition, I started, as I had done many a time before, with but a single follower, and, in truth, I slept as soundly beneath a bush, and enjoyed as heartily the barbecued and kookoo shooting that fell in my way, as any single *rencontre* with an elephant, as if I had not been a state emissary, and the bearer of royal greetings, nor carried beneath my hunting frock two superb jewelled watches and gem-studded chains, as gifts to these sable princes.

Nevertheless, I pressed on steadily, and arrived in good time at the chieftains' kraals—huge collections of round topped huts, for even Kafir royalty is very indifferent as to its lodging. And the cordiality with which I entered into the humors of the wild courts to which I was accredited, my skill in shaking tunefully a hollow calabash half filled with corn, while my entertainers, with a monotonous gutteral song, beat the ground in a circle before me, and my companion musicians, as gracefully as so many young elephants, my ready compliments when the dance was done, and the merry mood in which I could respond to a Kafir fest, all attended as much as the emblazoned letters and costly gifts I presented, to the success of my embassage.

All was arranged, and I was about leaving Namaqualand when my after-rider deserted me. The poor fellow had been stricken to the heart by the dusky charms of a Namaqua beauty, and as he had not the oxen needful to pay the price of the ripening pumpkin, like the patriarch Jacob, he gallantly put himself in pledge to the ravenhued damsel's father, to work out his bride by a six months' servitude. However, his desertion was of the less importance, as I had agreed to join company with a chief of the Amabookies traveling in my direction, my orders being to return overland.

A singular party we looked, journeying over those vast, treeless wastes and broad green savannahs, with their light feathering of blossoming mimosas, I mounted on a powerful grey courser, my after-rider's steed following at my heels; Kulu, the chief, bestriding a colossal bricked ox, stately as the Assyrian bull, and his followers, tall brawny fellows, to the number of some fifty, trotting round us on foot, every now and then darting off in pursuit of some antelope that chanced to come in sight, and thanks to their speed, and the swiftness of their assegais, rarely returning without their prize, which furnished the ever-ending repast. Supper was in fact the great meal of the twenty-four hours, when, our day's travel over, sitting luxuriously beneath a spreading laurel, or lofty fan-palm, which waved and winnowed its long arching branches, shedding cool air around us, we had leisure to avail ourselves of the cooking of the game, and when ready we discussed it by the light of the huge fire of which it had been dressed. Then we smoked our pipes and chatted lazily of hunts and hunters, until weariness warned us to roll ourselves in our cloaks, and, with a saddle for a pillow, sleep till morning should arouse us to resume our journey.

And a not unpicturesque object was the chief himself, full six feet three in stature, stalwart, bold and daring, his polished ebony skin gleaming in strange contrast with the bright golden and brown stripes of his leopard skin kaross—the badge of Kafir chieftainship—which, enveloping his whole person, was fastened on his broad shoulder by two buttons, rude and irregular in shape, and yet more rudely polished, but which, nevertheless, shone with amazing brilliancy. How often my eyes were attracted by the strange lustre of those two buttons, as they flashed and glowed and glittered with each movement of the wearer, seeming at times almost to emit living sparks.

Were they in reality the gems they appeared, if so, how came they in such keeping? The first portion of the mystery, however, was soon disclosed, as pointing with his sword-dagger to his sparkling studs, the chief remarked with a proud laugh, that Kulu was a great chief, for even his buttons were worth much cattle, and much plenty wives; a trader from Mozambique had given him a gun and a big can of powder for one like them, and would give him plenty more for these, but Kulu liked best to wear them himself. But as to how such treasures came into his possession the speaker was politically silent.

For a fortnight we had been traveling leisurely northward, passing many a lovely and romantic spot, when one day we off-saddled beside a clear, flowing stream, shaded by overhanging Babylonian willows, whose long, pensile boughs swept its waters, and in the cool depths below, for a wonder in those regions, fish were to be seen gleaming like silver arrows. Kafirs have no idea of fishing, and I proposed to improve the opportunity by initiating the chief into the science and mystery of angling. But first bait must be procured, and, as the likeliest place to find it, I began cutting away the side of a neighboring gully, Kulu entertaining me the while with the details, not of the courtship, but the purchase of his sixth wife. Suddenly my knife rasped harshly against some hard substance, and as the loosened earth fell away, a dark, rugged, bullet sized stone, but clear and glittering where the knife had scraped away its outer surface, came in view.

"Di—man!" exclaimed the chief, as he darted eagerly forwards. But I was before him, for the pebibe was already in my hand, and I was regarding curiously the scintillations that flashed from the break in its dark incrustation, while a strange feeling came over me, that if the Kafir's words were true, I was richer than I had ever been before.

The chief looked woefully disappointed, and bitterly envious, but there was no disputing the fact that the prize was mine, and in a voice whose harsh gutterals sounded more like the growl of a lion than ought else, he commanded his followers, one and all, into the gully, to scrape with might and main, then, drawing a huge knife from his belt, he himself crouched down before the spot whence I had just unearthed the stone, and slashed away furiously.

For a moment I stood silently regarding them, then it occurred to me that I had better see if fortune had anything more in store for me, and sauntering some distance, I set up a separate establishment.

For the remainder of the day we wrought like so many navvies, but the ground proved less thickly sown with jewels than we had fancied, for only a very few minute stone fell to the share of Kulu and his band, while my labors produced nothing. Still, our success had been sufficient to keep alive our hopes, and we rose with the sun, eager to resume our search; but as the day wore on, so did our faces lengthen, as not even a speck of gleaming gravel rewarded our toils; and when a second and a third unproductive day closed over us, we resolved to abandon so fruitless a quest, and take to the road again.

But Kulu was no longer the pleasant, light-hearted fellow traveler he had hitherto been. His rude facetiousness and mirthful jests had given place to moody silence, and a gloom, at times, almost ferocious, and as we sat at night beside the camp fire, fierce gleams of hate and anger shot forth from his lurid eyes. The thought of the diamond beneath my belt was rankling in the covetous mind of the chief, until my possession of it swelled into an injury past forgiveness, a wound scorn, endurance, for day by day his stern sullenness increased, until, sitting beneath the shadow of those evil glances, I felt my life was no longer safe.

But what best to do? I alone in that vast wilderness, and he with so large a following. For hours I lay considering. Along our proposed route I had not the prospect of a friend, but turning to the left, some twenty or twenty-five miles distant, beyond the Kosks river, was a Moravian missionary station. Could I reach its shelter, I should be safe. I resolved, at least, to try for it; and when midnight had brought the southern cross to the zenith, and deep sleep had fallen upon the Kafirs, I rose from beside the camp fire, and creeping noiselessly out between the sleepers, I reached the open beyond. My horse was easily found, and, untethering him, I led him out into the surrounding darkness, picking my way carefully over every tuft of grass, every patch of fig marigold, or stretch of soft, yielding sand, that might afford us a silent footing. Each step diminished the danger of discovery, and I was already beginning to dream of success when suddenly a loud neighing rose upon the air, echoing and re-echoing in a hundred reverberations. It was the cry of my second steed, and on missing his companion, and now, by a violent effort, breaking from his tether, the reckless animal came clattering over the sun-hardened ground to join him.

In the unutterable silence of those wild solitudes such sounds could be heard for miles, far less to the Kafir camp, scarce a stone's throw from us. Concealment was of course at an end, and leaping on my horse, I dashed breathless by all, just as a loud, hoarse cry of alarm rose from the startled sleepers. Then there was a clamor of loud voices, a tumult of ringing shouts that filled the air, and, borne on the night wind, I fancied I could hear my name. Another moment, and the echoing tread of many feet rolled over the flat, and I knew that, only pausing to snatch up their weapons, the Amabookies were after me in swift pursuit.

Should they overtake me my fate was certain, and practiced runners as they were, with thews and sinews firm and elastic as steel, their chance was at least equal. For very life I sped on over the lonely prairie, and for that very life they followed, mile after mile, through the blinding, bewildering darkness, on which the brilliant constellations above seemed to shed no light—on over rugged hummocks, through sedgy ponds, and wild ravines, on over billowy stretches, tangled with creeper and ground thorn. Every now and then the moaning bark of the jackal would quiver on the air, or the shrill, mocking laugh of the hyena "make night hideous," while more than once the rush of some wild animal in pursuit of prey swept apparently across my path, the agonized cry of its victim adding inexpressible horrors to that night's flight, for a horde, now their passions were aroused, scarce less fierce, scarce less cruel, my ear but too surely told me were gaining on my steps.

At length morning broke suddenly over the pale tropic sky, and a discordant view-halloo burst from the eager Kafirs, as they sighted me on the edge of the plain. The next moment I plunged down a precipitous pass, but ere long another shout of triumph awoke the echoes, as my foes caught a glimpse of me among the rocks. Henceforth the chase was hotter, up hill, down dale, through wild defile and rushing stream, and I could not hide from myself that it grew nearer; but the missionary station grew nearer also, and that thought nerved me to fresh effort.

It was fearful work, however, that tearing at speed over those rugged ways, and more than once my poor steed trembled and panted for breath as he struggled up those steep acclivities. But we were well repaid, when, from the crest of the roughest, I saw gleaming afar in the sunshine a bend of the Koska river.

I could have repeated the Kafir's cry of triumph at the sight, but at the moment something cold, clammy and repulsive struck heavily against my cheek. Involuntarily I started back, but no words can express my disgust and overpowering horror, when I beheld dangling close to me the bloated and glistening form of a huge puff adder—one of the most deadly reptiles of the South African wilds—swinging by the tail from a branch overhead. The recoil undoubtedly saved my life, for on the instant the hideous viper dropped from his lofty hold, catching, as he passed, in my hunting frock.

Then a shrill shriek of equine anguish rang out among the hills, and was repeated again and again, until, with a convulsive shudder, the hapless creature fell to the ground, there to writhe and struggle in all the fierce tortures of snake poison. A few blows from my sambok—a whip of rhinoceros hide—dispatched the adder.

For a few moments I stood gazing sorrowfully on the good and faithful steed, who had borne me through many a long and toilsome day, forgetting all else as I watched the agonies of a death that had so like to have been my own. But the flash and glitter of assegai heads in the sun, from the opposite hill, roused me to recollection, and removing the saddle from the unfortunate victim, which had just sobbed out his last convulsive breath, I bound it on his companion, and mounting in all haste, resumed my flight.

On and on, over ways yet wilder and more rugged, down zig zag descents, and boulder strewn ravines, until at length I reached the heights overlooking the Koska river. Time and again had I admired the gentle stream, as it rippled on between high banks, whose steep sides were hidden beneath green canes and clustering thorn trees, and glowing with crimson festoons, and long pendant tassels of large egg-shaped poison fruit; beside the sedgy margins of the river, the lately variegated arums spread to the sunshine their broad, spotless blossoms; while darkly beautiful in their swart burnished plumage, with scarlet epaulettes, and long sweeping tails, Kafir finches chased blue and golden dragon-flies above the water.

Even in that hour of haste and peril, the beauty and peacefulness of the scene struck me, and as I galloped swiftly along the edge of the jungle, seeking some opening by which I might reach the river, I noted each object afresh. Suddenly it seemed to me that some unusual sound, differing from the soft flutter of the leaves, stirred the profound stillness of the wilds. Had the Kafirs discovered my aim, and were they making a hurried detour to intercept me? Nothing more likely. Whatever its cause there certainly was a sound, and as I sped up stream each moment it increased, until it swelled upon the ear like the noise of some powerful rush of water.

Another minute, and a bend in its course, brought the whole river, flashing in the sunshine, full before me, and to my great joy a little in advance of me was a path down the bank made by wild animals descending to drink. At the very moment an antelope and her fawn were standing in the bed of the shallow stream, their graceful forms distinctly reflected on its gleaming surface, save where, now and then, the mother and daughter, sporting with the cool element, dashed it in sparkling showers above their heads.

Meanwhile, louder and louder grew that strange sound, until it became a crashing of trees and a roar as of a distant ocean. Then, with a shock, I recognized it, and the gay frolicing of the antelopes changed to a fearful cry, as, just above them, the entire bed of the river, some sixteen yards across, became filled from bank to bank by an enormous wave, like a huge sea surge, rolling along with terrific force. There was no time for even an antelope to escape, for the next moment the hurrying wave swept over its victims, burying them in its watery depths.

It was a fearful scene, that late gently gliding river filled to the brim by a rushing torrent, raging and foaming in its might, and bearing all before it in its impetuous passage to the sea. As frequently happens in South African rivers, heavy rains among its mountain sources, far in the interior, or the bursting of some natural reservoir had sent down this gigantic freshet wave, which, laden by uptorn trees and severed branches, and here and there by some hapless wild animal, swept dark, turged and invincible on its devastating way.

The next moment I remembered that this fierce flood rolled between me and safety, and that beyond its wild rush and gurgling eddies lay the missionary station I had striven so hard to gain. True, like other hunters, I had often swam my horse across a freshet in pursuit of some coveted game, or to keep a meeting. But they were less impetuous floods than this, which no man would attempt, save as a necessity, but such was mine, for I would rather dare twofold the perils of the river than trust the clemency of an angry Kafir. My horse was strong and hardy and used to the rough and hazardous exigencies of the wilds, and with firm seat and steady hand upon the bridle and every nerve strung to the uttermost, now that the first rush was over, I prepared to make the venture.

At a touch of the whip and spur my horse bounded readily in, and the next moment the torrent was sweeping us down with almost resistless force. Ere we could recover ourselves, a cry of anger and disappointment literally filled the air, and looking up I beheld the heights crowded by the dark forms of my pursuers, who were all gesticulating wildly, and tossing their arms and assegais aloft. But surrounded by those hurrying waves, and seething surges, I had no leisure to think of them, and my men, the watery contest needing all our energies. And gallantly my good steed bore himself, as, the first shock over, undismayed by the wild element, he struck out with powerful and rapid strokes for the opposite bank, snorting defiance at the surges that foamed in snowy wreaths against his chest, and breasting the arrowy current. But, despite all his efforts, where we gained a foot across, we lost three as many to the river, et, while, adding to our difficulties, bright bewildering flashes came darting past us, as the Kafirs showered down upon us a storm of assegais.

Nevertheless, we still held on, now twisted half round by a whirling eddy, anon narrowly escaping an uprooted tree, and then bending low to avoid a passing assegai, whose aim, distance, and the height whence it came, rendered uncertain.

But the struggle was an arduous one, as, still battling with the arrowy flood, slowly, and almost imperceptibly, we made our way across. Suddenly there was a whizzing sound and a bright blinding flash, and uttering a sharp cry of pain, my horse threw his head up higher, and beat the water wildly with his fore-feet. A luck ess assegai had gone through the poor animal's neck, almost maddening him by the pain, and in vain I strove by hand and voice to sooth and re-assure him.

At once we lost our course, and were caught first by one eddy and then by another, until I began to perceive that, so far as my poor steed could aid us, our chance was gone. It was now my turn, and sliding from the saddle, and with the bridle over my arm, I stretched out for the bank. The waves rose close under my chin, the surges sometimes rolled over my head, but still I progressed, until at length, nearing the edge, I caught the overhanging willow and swung myself to land, then my wounded steed scrambled after me, and the passage of the freshet was achieved.

The poor fellow's neck was soon bound up, and another mile farther brought us to the missionary station, where we received every kindness and shelter. Kulu made no attempt to follow. The Kafirs are rarely swimmers, and viewing the freshet, probably he philosophically considered that life was even better than diamonds.

Since then I have more than once crossed the same ground, and among the numbers now roaming through those solitudes, seen many a precious stone unearthed. Nevertheless it seems to me he is far from being a wise man who abandons his employment for the wild, precarious career of a diamond hunter, and I firmly believe that in nineteen out of twenty cases steady industry would have produced the richer jewel. For my own part, diamond finding was certainly not my specialty, for I never could boast of any success, save in the solitary instance which led to my very unpleasant and somewhat perilous adventure in Diamond Land.

A JAPANESE GROOM.—At 5 o'clock in the morning we set off with M. Lindau, on an excursion which promises to be charming, and, indeed, it is so. We are going to try some horses which we think of taking for a month. It is a ride of forty-eight miles, and if they resist such fatigue the bargain will be concluded. They are cobs, black as ebony, with a bright and lively eye and a touch of the Arab about them. To horse, to horse! we must be off. We began by an hour's fast trot along the valley which extends south of Yokohama, and followed a narrow path in the middle of the rice fields every moment jumping over little bridges a foot wide, made of three bamboos placed side by side. All this time I never got tired of watching my "betto" (Japanese groom), who ran before me with the agility of a gazelle, warning my horse, his friend, by a sharp little cry at every difficult step. It seems that in Japan no horseman ever thinks of riding without his faithful and indefatigable runner, with his graceful and nervous limbs, who rivals his horse. "Aramado!" (that is the name of my new servant) has, indeed, throughout this long day, kept up with our rapid pace the whole time; if we dismounted at a tea house there he was, taking care of my horse, washing his nostrils with fresh water and providing him with a slight repast of beans. I wish I could show you how he barely touches the ground with his light tread! When he started his dress was magnificent; he wore a dark-blue robe, with enormously large sleeves and tight trowsers, which defined the most exquisite legs. As he ran through the rice fields, his sleeves streaming in the winds, he looked like a great blue butterfly racing after the tall flowers. Soon, gradually throwing off all his coverings, he appeared only in a pair of soc s and his scarlet tatoo marks, which represented a struggle between a woman, some large birds and a serpent. English ladies would have preferred the tatooing of M. Lindau's betto—perfectly naked, he was yet clothed. His tatoo marks represented a blue jacket with white buttons, red seams, scarlet designs in the middle of the back, and trowsers (very tight, it is true, since it was his skin) of black and white checks.

A WATER PITCHER.—A Rio engine

OUR GAME BAG.

Golden Gleanings—Merry Thoughts—Wise Proverbs—Fun and Sentiment.

WHAT I LOVE.

I love to stroll along the street
At night, when all is still,
And listen to the music sweet
That fills me with a thrill.
I love to sail upon the deep,
To row down with the tide,
And also in the circus peep
When the watch has stepped aside.
At base ball, too, I love to play,
A game to me most dear,
But the thing that seems to the most say
Is drinking lager beer. PETER C. RICHTER.

CONUNDRUMS.

ARE running accounts kept in sloping banks?

WHAT is dyspepsia? Stuff!

WHEN is a sleepy person like a little dog? When he's *napping*.

WHAT is the largest room in the world? The room for improvement.

WHY is a ship called "she?" Why, because the *rigging* costs more than the hull.

WHAT relationship exists between a sea-song and a Nep-tune? One is the offspring and the other the father of waters.

WHY ARE photographers the most uncivil of all tradespeople? Because when we make application for a copy of our portrait they always reply with a negative.

BREVITIES.

IF A HORSE says neigh to oats, don't believe him.

A PLEDGE OF REAL LOVE—Popping the question.

DRINKING FREELY—Doing it on tick.

THE DRUNKARD'S week is made up of Thirst-days.

LIGHT EMPLOYMENT—Building castles in the air.

LAPS OF TIME—Old coat tails.

THE FIRST SUNSHADE—An eclipse.

IMPOSING FIGURES—Cooked accounts.

THE BEST RELIEF FOR THE UNEMPLOYED—Work.

THE EARTH is dirty, but the sea is tidy.

OUT-OF-TOWN PRIVILEGE.—Take a walk in the country and you will find that even the gentle brook murmurs.

AN ANOMALY.—Some married people always go to bed quarrelling, yet they never fall out.

AN OLD miser, going down his cellar steps the other day, fell against his will.

THE CHEAPEST WINE YOU CAN DRINK—The wine of other people.

A BOW should not be always bent—particularly an elbow.

AN EASY TAKE-OFF—When a comic artist takes off his own boots.

COMPARATIVE VALUES.—If speech is silver and silence gold, a dumb man is worth more than a talker.

SOME PEOPLE do not care for Tupper's poetry, but his philosophy is proverbial.

A LADY who is remarkable for jilting her lovers is undoubtedly a *good miss*.

BORES THAT MOST PEOPLE HAVE TO PUT UP WITH—Neigh-bores.

A CHINESE thief, having stolen a missionary's watch, brought it back to him next day to learn how to wind it up.

SHOCKING BRUTALITY.—All over the country the clocks are constantly striking the hours; and, what is worse, the public cry out if they stop.

TO FLATTER a person adroitly, one must know three things—what they are, what they think they are, and what they want other people to think they are.

NOW THAT the reign of the Latter-Day Saints at Salt Lake is about drawing to a close, it is proposed that they be called "Latter-End Saints."

JONES ASKS, "If small girls are waifs, are large ones waifers?" "Certainly," says sweet sixteen. "At least the boys have a habit of applying them to their lips in sealing their vows."

TOMKINS, who is terribly hen pecked, says that the greatest *miss-take* he ever made in his life was on his wedding day. His wife denies it, and says it was she who was *miss-led*.

SERIOUS AFFAIR.—A most determined act of self-inflicted torture has recently caused a considerable sensation in a fashionable quarter of town. A lady—young, lovely and accomplished, with troops of friends, and all that makes life enjoyable at her command—was detected deliberately "screwing up" her face.

MERRY MOMENTS.

SUNDAY OUT.—Betsy.—"Shall you be a-going out this a'ternoon, mem?" Mistress.—"I think not, Betsy." Betsy.—"Cos yer can if yer like; *I* don't want to go out."

NO DOUBT OF IT.—A surgeon says, in a recently published work—and who can contradict him?—that "the thalami optici are the essential ganglia of the sensory tracts, as the corpora striata are of the motor."

ENRAGED PARENT.—D.d you throw the half brick at random? Weeping Boy—No, I threw it at Johnny Williams. And did you strike him on purpose? No, I struck him on the nose.

A CONIC SECTION.—When you speak of a diminutive argental cone, convex on its summit, and semi-perforated with symmetrical indentations, you probably mean a thimble, but there is no saying for certain.

BE MODEST.—Behind the mountains there live people, too. Be modest; as yet you have discovered and thought nothing which others have not thought and discovered before you. And even if you have done so, regard it as a gift from above, which you have got to share with others.

BINDING.—A bookbinder said to his wife at the wedding:—"It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests, "one side highly ornamented Turkey morocco and the other plain calf," and the next moment was making rapid strides down stairs.

LEFT INSTRUCTIONS.—A gentleman was in treaty with a horsedealer for the purchase of a mare, but could not agree by fifty dollars. Next morning, however, he hastened to the stable yard, where the first person he met was the groom. "Boss up, Joe?" said he. "No, the boss is dead," said Joe, "but he left word for you to have the mare."

VERBUM SAP.—Writing to a contemporary, "a middle-sized man" protests against the growing tendency of modern ladies to wear high-heeled boots, "because they give an undue elevation to the female over the male sex." When a man writes on such a subject as high heels *versus* high souls, he ought to take care that his statements are made on *good grounds*.

OF "OURS."—Our gardner wears his hat in a rakish manner. Our coachman prides himself on his erect bearing—his carriage is perfect. Our butler can do the bottle trick. Our groom has a horse laugh. Our dairy maid will have her own whey. Our miller is mealy mouthed. Our milkman skims the paper. Our butcher has settled a handsome jointure on his daughter. Our waiter is the coming man.

STANDING FIRE.—George Washington was once at a dinner party where his host had set him with his back to a fire and his stomach. Finding it not to comfort, after some squirming he beat a retreat for a more comfortable position, at the same time explaining the reason. "Why," said the hostess, jocularly, "I thought an old general like you could stand fire better than that." "I never could stand fire in my rear," replied the general.

LOGICAL YOUNGSTER.—"Eat your bread, Charles, do not fling it away," said a learned and good judge to one of the family the other day, adding:—"For who knows, in the vicissitudes of this life, if you may not want it?" The old gentleman had not long left, and go away, when his youngster answered, more logically than his parent:—"If I eat it, how can I have it when I want it?" This is the result of a learned judge having children.

SLEEP.—It is a delicious moment, certainly, that of being well nestled in bed, and feeling that you will drop gently to sleep. The good is to come—not past; the limbs have been just tired enough to render the remaining in one position delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle failure of the perceptions comes creeping on; the spirit of consciousness disengages itself more and more with slow and lashing movements, like a mother detaching her hand from that of her sleeping child; the mind seems to have a balmy lid closing over it, like the eye—'tis closing! 'tis closing! 'tis closed! The mysterious spirit has gone to take its rounds.

BURKE AND THE CIVIL LIST.—When Burke made one of his famous attacks, in the British parliament, upon the crown civil list, he was several times noisily interrupted by somebody, who, occupying an official position in the household, seemed to think himself the special guardian and champion of royalty. This officious person kept reminding the orator every now and then, with vehement interjections, of his duty to the king. At last Burke paused in the flow of his speech and declared that he perfectly understood it to be his duty to honor the king, but he did not thereby feel himself constrained "to honor the king's man-servant, his maid-servant, his ox and"—fixing his eyes upon the obnoxious intruder—"his ass."

GONE OUT FOR GOOD.—In a certain town in the north of England not long ago lived (and died) a worthy, well known sculptor. A customer called one day at the works for the purpose of giving an order. Walking into the yard, he saw no one but a stolid looking mason, who was busy chiseling a death's head and cross bones. "Is M. Boeson in?" inquired our friend—"Naw," was the monosyllabic answer. "Never mind; I'll look in afterwards." A second time he made his appearance, put the interrogatory and received the same answer. A third time he called and found the same man still busy with mallet and chisel. "Is M. Boeson in yet?" he again interrogated. "Naw." "Do you think he will be in soon?" The answer was conclusive:—"Naw, aw dinna think he'll be in suin—Mr. Boeson's died!" and the mallet and the chisel went on as before.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.—Weather was made for conversation—indeed, it is its chief necessary. A calculation has been put forth by an eminent actuary that three out of every five conversations open with a remark on the weather. He was engaged two years, in all weathers, in collecting data for this computation. His sufferings were greatest in the last quarter of an hour before dinner. The ancients thought much of the weather. The Greeks had a Temple of the Winds, an anticipation of the Meteorological Bureau, and their most popular comic author called one of his dramatic pieces "The Clouds." One of the most remarkable phenomena connected with the weather is the number of persons who are constantly endeavoring to raise the wind. They are more numerous than that other class of people—a considerable one no doubt—who are always looking out for a rainy day. Many persons are so much taken up with the weather that they are continually in the clouds. With all the discoveries science has made, we are yet very far from knowing what the clouds exactly contain, so many things are still in embryo. There are two kinds of dew. The one prevails in the early morning, and leaves its traces on the feet; the other makes its appearance mostly at night, and affects the head. There is a difference of opinion among philosophers about morning dew, but a remarkable unanimity as to mountain dew. Music has been composed on the weather; for instance, the well-known glee, "Hail, Smiling Morn!" There are four quarters of the wind, consequently there ought to be two hawes, but nothing is known of them at Washington. There is a want in literature—there is no good biography of the clerk of the weather. No poetry show can be considered complete without a collection of weather-cocks. In Northern countries they call their dances in the winter snow-balls. The weather war very dismal in the dark ages.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Sentimental Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Jokes, Old Bills, Reminiscences, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BRUDDER BONES IN A NEW CHARACTER.

INTERLOCUTOR.—So, you have come to your senses once more, I perceive, Mr. Bones. Really, to see the sabe you have been giving yourself lately, one might have supposed you had turned up one of the *Lions* of a large estate.

BONES.—So I did—only a small one, to be sure. I was as much surprised as anybody was, I guess.

INT.—Be more explicit, sir, so that I may understand you.

BONES.—Well, de fact am, toddat day I was cutting down de Bowery, lookin' mighty seedy and feelin' like I hadn't a friend in de world and him I owed money to, when all to once a change come ober de spirit ob my dream. You know I'd got so shabby dat de fellers ob my acquaintance wouldn't speak to me, and as for de gals, day all grib me 'de cat direc'. Well, h'ya! h'ya! de mornin' all de fellers what I met was as civil as if I was de next President, and bowed and smole on me, and touch dair hats.

INT.—What you might call a leading card, I suppose. Bones, they wouldn't touch you with a forty foot pole.

BONES.—Touch me not so nearly," as Shakespeel says in de play. Yes; day all touch dair hats and bowed—

INT.—That was because you was in the Bow-ery, I presume.

BONES.—No; contrary—dey tought I was on de Broad-way to fortune, when all along before I'd been on de broad road to perdition—dat was it. And de gals day all looked sweet on me—so sweet. Golly! I felt as though I'd been dipped in a hogshead of molasses. And bime-by a gang of supper crust niggers come along, and says one (he was de spokesman, you know), "Bonesy," says he, "we's goin' to gib a chappeque supper, and we wants you to jine in and be de sweet ob de evenin'." "All right," says I; "gemmen"—

"Since you will buckle fortune on me back,"

—as Shakespeel says again,

"I must hab patience to endure de load;"

but, look a h'yar—don't you try to come no load on me, or—you know what de birg of Avon says bout "De black scandal and de foul faced reproach!"

INT.—You went, of course; I never knew you to decline a free lunch, yet.

BONES.—Yes, I di'. And didn't we had a gay time, doogh—oon! Drank more 'ab apple winegar dat night dan eber I did in all my life befo'. Den we hab a ball, and I danced a cumtillion wid Pompey Sheepshanks' sister, and arter de ball I discorted de gals home; and as we was on de way, "Bonesy," says I, "why am de wine we been drinkin' like de fetler dat rules de destinies of Turkey." "Don't know," says she; "I didn't see no turkey." Says I, lookin' werry lubbin': "It's because it am de sublime *Poetry*. Wid dat she looked at me wid dem liquid eyes of hers, and I left her at de door——

INT.—And was her *adieu* ever after, I suppose.

BONES.—Go 'way! You must tink I had a Spanish tooth to take a shine to such a gal as dat. Nex' mornin' I tookt up de papers, and de fust ting my eyes 'light on was a parsmagraph tellin' how some dam ole fool had been and lef' me a fortune. Didn't I laff when I see dat notis! Fust ting I did when I went out—

INT.—You took a little Vichy, I dare say.

BONES.—I felt *fishy* enough, and *vicious*, too, for dat matter. Half de buck niggers I met come up to claim relationship wid me, bress me! I neber 'ought I had so many cousins in my life. But I was like de man dat went to sea to find out what de submarine telegram was lined—I couldn't *see de connection*. Ebery nex' man I meet, he ask me to take a drink. Dey nebber did dat fo', and finally de whole ting must be comin' out in it.

INT.—There must have been something in you, you mean.

BONES.—Well, yes, I was pooty full. Nex' chap come along he was my tailor.

INT.—You had got down to Chatham street by that time.

BONES.—Nebber mind. "I ain't got no money," says I, sheerin' off. "O, don't mention it," says he. "I don't want your filthy lucre. Come in and get measured for a suit." "You ain't playin' no *rig* on me, are you?" says I, kind o' distrustful. Well—h'ya! h'ya! he put a suit on me big enough for de Irish giant, and, says he, "vat a pea-utiful figger; vat a pea-utiful fit!" I walked out arter dat kind o' sassy, and de more we'n I seed de more honors dat was heaped onto me. Balls, and parties, and de op'ra ——

SAMBO.—Yes, I know what kind o' balls was heaped onto you,—*ash* balls, five cents a plate.

BONES.—Go 'way wid you! Dey was de real ting. I tell you; ten dollars a ticket; you'n jellus. But de gals, jus' den, was too much like de weddер; dey was in de *melin'* mood, and I didn't go for none ob dem, till one fine spessimen hitched alongside. She was an Irish gal, and I fuse to look at once. But, just as de knot was bein' tied, a lot o' tradesmen and hotel keepers rushed in and present deir bills. "Here, here!" says dey, "dis feller aint no rich man, dis feller's a 'poster!" And de police dey rush in too, and 'rested me, and de gal went off into a swoon, and dey took off my new clothes and put the old ones on again, and if I didn't git sent up dat time it wasn't my fault, for sartin.

INT.—"Bitter-Sweet" experience, truly. Mr. Sims Reeves will now favor us with his

Beautiful Isle of the Tropical Sea.

Beautiful isle of the tropical sea!
Sun-gilded gem of the southern main!
Over thy groves, where wind whispers to tree,
Bountiful summer forever doth reign.
Visions of forms such as poets adore
Flit through my brain and my senses enamare;
Fragrant the breezes that waft from thy shore,
Kisses that fall'cies the air.
Chorus.—Tarry, love, tarry, love,
Hasting I come;
Swiftly my vessel's prow
Cleaves the foaming foam.

List'ning, we hear in the wind sweeping by,
Seeming to swell from some high far-off sphere,
Voices familiar, that on the ear die,
Like murmur of sea shells borne faint to the ear.
Soon as the fragrant blue odors we scent,
Blent with the gale ere the eye greets the land,
With our blythe chorus the welkin is rent,
As we sail on to thy white coral strand.
Chorus.—Tarry, love, tarry, love, etc.

Now in the dim distant prospect we sight
The glint of thy fountains, the flash of thy streams,
Forms beam upon us, in colors of light
Brighter than those that we clasp in our dreams.
We're the sea rovers who ride on the wave,
Laden with Ind's precious riches we come;
Soon shall thy breakers our argosies lave,
And dear lips greet us with welcome home!
Chorus.—Tarry, love, tarry love! etc.

THEATRICALS IN THE QUAKER CITY FIFTY-SIX YEARS AGO.

Through the kindness of H. Husted, Esq., of this city, we have been placed in possession of a volume of American play bills of more than half a century ago, embracing the cities of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, from which we shall, from time to time, make such selections for this department as may be interesting to the present generation. The appended is a Philadelphia programme of 1816, the date of which, it will be seen, the theatre was illuminated with gas.

PHILADELPHIA THEATRE.
ILLUMINATED WITH GAS.

Friday evening, Dec. 6th, 1816, will be presented Shakespeare's celebrated tragedy of

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo.....Mr. Duff	Apothecary.....Mr. Hathwell
Escalus.....Mr. Barrett	Peter.....Mr. Entwisle
Capulet.....Mr. Robertson	Montague.....Mr. Allen
Mercutio.....Mr. Wood	Balthazar.....Mr. Durang
Benvolio.....Mr. T. Jefferson	Page.....Miss Seymour
Tybalt.....Mr. Abercrombie	Juliet.....Mrs. Darwis
Friar Lawrence.....Mr. Warren	Lady Capulet.....Mrs. Simpson
Friar John.....Mr. Jackson	Nurse.....Mrs. Francis

ACT FIRST A MASQUERADE.

In which will be introduced a *pas seul* by Miss E. Durang.

IN ACT FIFTH

a Funeral Procession and solemn Dirge. Principal vocal parts by Mrs. Melville, Mr. Oancle, Mrs. Darwis, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Jefferson and Mrs. Jackson. To which will be added a new farce called

LOVE, LAW AND PHYSIC; OR, HOAX UPON HOAX.

BASE BALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP QUESTION.

At the Cleveland convention of last March, the delegates who were appointed on the judiciary and championship committees were as follows:—*Judiciary*—Messrs. Hayhurst, Davidson, Doolittle, Young, Wright, Clark and Ferguson; with Messrs. Pike and Miller added, they not being present. *Championship*—Messrs. Davidson, Clark and Hayhurst. At the meeting of the judiciary committee, in July last, to take action upon the disputed Baltimore and Athletic match—the only matter they could legally take cognisance of—there were present Messrs. Hayhurst, Davidson, Ferguson, Young and Wright. After settling the question brought before them, they proceeded, un-officially, to act upon a matter which properly belonged only to a special meeting of delegates from all the professional clubs, the judiciary committee having nothing to do with questions not legally brought before them as complaints or protests. However, they took upon themselves to nullify the action of the regular convention of March, to the extent of changing the appointed series of games from five to nine. Though eleven clubs had entered the championship arena, but five of these were represented at the meeting which took this important action, there being no delegates from the Cleveland, Troy, Mansfield, Olympic, National or Eckford clubs. Now, it is very important for the interests of the professional clubs at large, as well as the contestants in the championship arena, that the question as to what is the legal number of games to be played should be satisfactorily answered before the games become so far completed as to make an impartial decision difficult to arrive at. In view of the fact that the disbandment of several of the nines had rendered it advisable for the pecuniary interests of the professional clubs that the number of championship games should be increased, we do not wish to question the correctness of taking action to that effect, but what we do question is the legality of the meeting which made the change. The question is, was it a matter properly belonging to the judiciary committee, or was it a subject which a special meeting of the Professional Association could alone legally act upon?

There is also another matter which merits the attention of a special meeting of the Professional Association, and that is to take action upon discarding or forfeiting the games of disbanded clubs. The Olympic, Troy and Mansfield clubs have withdrawn from the arena, and the Cleveland Club has also disbanded its nine, while the National Club has not played in a professional match for two months. Now here is important matter enough to require the action of a special meeting of the Professional Association, and the sooner such meeting is held the more likely we are to have a harmonious settlement of the championship question for 1872. We, therefore, suggest to president Ferguson to call such meeting at as early a date as practicable, when it can be authoritatively settled whether the championship series is to be five, seven, or nine games, and whether the games played by the disbanded clubs are to be counted or not, and those remaining unplayed to be forfeited, or whether they are to be thrown out altogether. If the championship committee possess the power to decide these important points, they possess a power that no committee should have in their hands. But we incline to the belief that the subject matter should be settled only by a special meeting of the association. At any rate, that is the only fair and satisfactory way of doing it.

BOSTON vs. CLEVELAND.

The Bostons played two games in Cleveland—the third and fourth in the championship series—on Saturday and Monday, August 17th and 19th. The first game, on Saturday, was characterized by poor playing by both clubs, especially in the field. The Clevelands went first to the bat, and on safe hits by Holdsworth, Wolters and Sutton, and an error by George Wright, scored two runs, one of which was earned. The Bostons also made three base hits in this innings, and four men took bases on errors, giving them five runs. The feature of the innings was a brilliant double play by Holdsworth, White and Simmons, putting out Schafer and Rogers. Up to the sixth innings the Clevelands retired with goose eggs, while the Bostons had made seven, partly by hard hitting and partly by egregious errors by the Clevelands, numerous muffs and wild throws being made. The sixth innings resulted in three runs for the Clevelands and a blank for the first White Stocking, leaving the score in favor of them. In the eighth inpings the Bostons did some fine work at the bat, Leonard and Barnes making first base hits, McVey and Spalding second base hits, and George Wright a magnificent third-baser to right field. Six runs were made, three of which were earned, which of course sealed the fate of the Clevelands. Jim White, however, managed to tally a run in the ninth innings, the Bostons were thanked, and the game was ended, leaving the score 18 to 7 in favor of the Bostons. The Clevelands labored under a disadvantage by Wolters being taken sick in the first innings, necessitating sending Mullen, one of the amateur Forest Citys, to right field in his place. The score is as follows:—

Boston.	R.	Is.	P.O.	A.	Cleveland.	R.	Is.	P.O.	A.
G. Wright, s.s.	4	3	1	3	Hastings, c.	1	1	9	0
Barnes, 3d b	3	3	1	2	Holdsworth, s s.	1	1	4	1
Leonard, 1 f	2	2	2	0	Mullen, r f	1	1	3	0
McVey, c	2	3	4	1	White, 3d b	1	2	1	3
Spalding, p	3	3	1	7	Simmons, 1st b.	0	0	5	0
Gould, 1st b	0	2	8	0	Sutton, 3d b.	1	2	1	1
Schafer, 3d b	2	1	1	0	Allison, c f	1	2	3	0
Rogers, r f	0	1	2	0	Faber, l f	0	1	0	0
H. Wright, c f	1	0	2	0	Pratt, p	0	1	1	2
Totals	18	16	27	10	Totals	7	12	27	7

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	5	1	1	2	5	0	0	6	0—18
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	0	1—7

Runs earned—Boston, 4; Cleveland, 1. Umpire—Mr. Ellis, of Philadelphia. Time of game—2 hours and 10 minutes.

The game on Monday was, in some respects, an improvement on that of Saturday, although several bad errors were made. The Bostons went first to the bat, and in the first and second innings drew blanks, while the Clevelands made two runs in the first. In the third innings George Wright scored the first run for the Bostons, and Wolters added one to the score of the Clevelands. The next five innings resulted in goose eggs for the Clevelands, the delivery of the Bostons being very effective, but in the ninth they did some loose playing, and allowed the Clevelands to make four runs, while they drew a blank. Appended is the score:—

Cleveland.	O.	R.	Boston.	O.	R.
Hastings, c	2	2	G. Wright, s.s	2	2
Holdsworth, s.s	0	0	Barnes, 3d b	2	2
Wolters, r f	4	1	Leonard, l f	4	1
McVey, c	2	0	McVey, c	5	0
Simmons, 1st b	5	0	Spalding, p	3	2
Sutton, 3d b	4	0	Gould, 1st b	3	2
Schafer, c f	2	1	Shafer, 3d b	1	2
Faber, l f	4	0	Rogers, r f	3	0
Pratt, p	2	1	H. Wright, c f	4	1
Total	7		Total	12	

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Boston	0	0	1	2	3	0	0	7	0—12
Forest City	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1—7

Earned runs—Boston, 6; Forest City, 4. Home run by Rogers. Umpire—Dr. Hanna, of Cleveland. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.

ATLANTIC vs. MUTUAL.

On Aug. 22d these clubs played their fourth championship match together on the Capitoline grounds, L. I., and though it was one of the hottest days of the season, nearly a thousand persons were present, the charge for admission being at the reduced tariff of 25 cts. It was expected by the friends of the Atlantic Club that the contest would be close, and an Atlantic victory was looked for; but apparently the Mutuals thought it about time to put a stop to any more defeats on the championship arena, especially as they had just lost five of these games in succession. The Mutuals replaced Pearce in his position in this game, and, though out of practice, he played well. The Atlantics presented Base in their nine at right field, and Beavans again at 2d base, but in the 4th innings they had to place him out at left field, several important errors rendering the 2d base the weak point of the nine. The game was one unworthy of detailed description, the Mutuals leading from the start, the score at the close of the 4th innings standing at 7 to 0 in their favor. In the 5th innings the Atlantics rallied at the bat for three earned runs on a total of six bases by clean hits, and in the seventh they added a single. But the Mutuals offset this with an addition of eight to their score in the last three innings, thereby coming in easy victors by the total score of 15 to 4. The Atlantics committed a total of 17 fielding errors in the game, and allowed the Mutuals to secure first base no less than twelve times by errors, a very poor record in contrast to their recent fine play. The Mutuals are only chargeable with a total of six fielding errors, and allowed their opponents to secure first base by errors only twice. The Atlantics punished Cummings for 10 first base hits against 15 by the Mutuals, the earned runs being 3 to 2 in favor of the Atlantics. The game was impartially umpired by Brainard. Of the special good play of the match, the first double play in baseball and Start is noteworthy, as well as some fine stops and throwing by Ferguson and Fulmer, though the former did not play up to his mark. In batting, Ferguson and Cummings took the lead. The score is appended:—

Atlantic.	R.	Is.	P.O.	A.	Mutual.	R.	Is.	P.O.	A.
Barlow, c. f	0	0	3	2	Eggler, c. f	3	2	3	1
Burdock, s s	0	0	2	3	Hatfield, 2d b	4	3	2	0
Ferguson, 2d b	1	2	3	7	Start, 1st b	1	0	9	0
Dehlman, 1st b	1	2	11	1	Bechtel, r f	1	2	2	0
Nemess, c f	1	0	1	0	Hicks, c	1	2	7	1
Britt, p	1	0	0	1	Pearce, s s	1	0	1	1
Beavans, l f	0	3	1	0	McMullen, l f	1	0	3	0
Thake, 3d b	0	2	1	0	Fulmer, 3d b	1	0	1	7
Bass, r f	0	0	0	0	Cummings, p	1	1	0	1
Totals	4	10	27	13	Totals	15	15	27	10

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Atlantic	0	0	0	0	3	0	1	0	0—4
Mutual	3	5	0	1	0	0	3	1	4—15

Runs earned—Atlantic, 3; Mutual, 2. First base by errors—Atlantic, 8; Mutual, 12. Total fielding by errors—Atlantic, 17; Mutual, 6. Umpire—Mr. Asa Brainard. Time of game—1 hour and 45 minutes.

WESTERN vs. CLIPPER.

These clubs, the former of Keokuk, Ia., the latter of Monmouth, Ill., played the second game of a series on the 15th inst., at Monmouth, which the Westerns won by a total of 22 to 13, as the appended score indicates:—

Western.	O.	R.	Clipper.	O.	R.
O'Brien, c	1	2	W. Scott, s	2	3
Reily, p	2	3	Leeper, 1st b	2	2
Real, 1 f	2	3	Mitchell, 2d b	2	3
Rateman, s s	2	2	Allen, p	1	1
Wheatstone, 3d b	1	2	Whoman, c	2	1
Ryan, r f	1	2	O. Scott, l f	2	0
Stahl, c f	2	1	Bowers, 3d b	2	1
Conn, 2d b	2	1	Burrell, c f	2	1
Phillips, 1st b	2	1	G. Mitchell, r f	2	0
Total	17	22	Total	17	13

Earned runs—Western, 8; Clipper, 4. Home run by Rogers. Umpire—Mr. Hanna, of Cleveland. Time of game—1 hour and 50 minutes.

DIXIE vs. FOUNTAIN CITY.

On Aug. 17th the Fountain City Club, of Augusta, Ga., went to Madison and played a lively and exciting match with the Dixies, of the latter place, but were defeated, as the following score will show:—

Dixie.	R.	Is.	Fountain City.	R.	Is.
Foster, c	3	1	Riley, p	1	0
E. Atkinson, p	1	3	Austin, r f	1	0
Whitich, c s	2	1	Buckley, 2d b	1	0
E. Douglas, 1st b	1	1	Cohen, 1st b	1	3
Fielding, c f	3	1	Bridger, l f	1	1
W. Douglas, 3d b	3	0	Clayton, c	1	1
H. Atkinson, 2d b	1	0	Kearon, 2d b	1	1
Poullain, s s	1	1	Tarver, c f	1	1
Butler, r f	3	0	Hookey, s s	1	1
Totals	19	8	Totals	14	8

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Dixie	1	1	1	1	0	1	0	1	2—10
Fountain City	0	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	4—13

Umpire, Mr. E. Hollingsworth, of Augusta, Ga. Time of game—3 hours and 40 minutes.

DISBANDMENT OF THE CLEVELANDS.

The Forest City Club, of Cleveland, is no more. After the two disastrous defeats recorded above, the players arrived at the conclusion that, as a co-operative nine, the new organization was a failure, and wisely decided to disband forthwith. The material of which the nine was composed, as is well known, was first class in every respect, and had the management been of the proper kind, the nine would, undoubtedly, have been a success. Its demise will be mourned by many, as it had numerous friends, not only in Cleveland, but throughout the country. The probability is that Cleveland will never have another first class base ball club, the disasters of the present season having dampened the ardor of every lover of the noble game in the Forest City.

AMATEURS vs. MUTUAL.

These clubs, the former of East Saginaw and the latter of Caro, Mich., played a match on Aug. 19th, at East Saginaw, which is pronounced as one of the best ever witnessed in that state. At all events it must have been very closely contested, as the Mutuals only won by 6 to 5, as the appended score shows:—

Amateurs.	O.	R.	Mutual.	O.	R.
Owen, 2d b	4	1	Benker	3	2
Clark, c	5	1	Mills	3	2
Cumings, 3d b	4	1	Gibbs	3	0
Marshall, 1st b	3	0	Crew	3	0
Gallagher, c f	3	0	Atwood	3	0
Forte, l f	3	0	Montague	3	0
Delaghal, r f	3	0	Riley	3	0
Whitney, p	3	1	Abrahamy	3	0
Gilbert, ss	3	1	Crow	3	1
Total	35	5	Total	30	6

Innings.	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
Amateur	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	3—5
Mutuals	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	5—6

Time of game—1 hour and 15 minutes.

WESTCHESTER CO. ASSOCIATION OF BASE BALL PLAYERS.

—Pursuant to a call to Westchester county clubs, issued in the N. Y. CLIPPER of the 17th inst., to meet at New Rochelle to form an association, five clubs were represented, each sending three delegates. After arranging the games for the silver ball county championship, also rules to regulate said games, the association organized permanently by electing the following officers: President, George Le Roy Livingston, Confidence, of New Rochelle; vice-presidents, H. Pateman, Montauk, Dobbs' Ferry; C. D. Cuningham, Atlantic, Morrisania; secretary, Wm. Ray, Star, Mt. Vernon; treasurer, Wm. Foster, Atlantic, Morrisania.

THE TURF.

SARATOGA AUGUST MEETING.

SECOND DAY, MONDAY, AUG. 19TH.

TAMMANY WINS THE STRAPLE CHASE, FRANK HAMPTON THE 100LBS. RACE, AND MARY LOUISE THE SELLING RACE.

We gave the first day's proceedings of the Saratoga meeting in last week's CLIPPER. The weather on the second day, Monday, Aug 19th, was favorable for the racing, although intensely sultry. The attendance was very large, every part of the grand stand being filled, the fair sex being in the majority, for to them the excitement of a steeple-chase is irresistibly attractive. Of the several events we append the summaries and descriptions in the order in which they occurred.

THE STEEPLE-CHASE.

a handicap for all ages, had six starters, viz.:—Vesuvius, 5 yrs, 144lbs.; Lochiel, 4 yrs, 147lbs.; Lobelia, aged, 148lbs.; Tammany, 5 yrs, 147lbs.; Blind Tom, aged, 152lbs; Asteroid colt, out of Lavender, 4 yrs, 132lbs. The betting was as follows in the pools:—

Lochiel	$80	$115	$260	$70
Donahue's pair	105	210	310	105
Vesuvius	80	116	135	80
Lobelia	51	80	100	41
Asteroid colt	10	15	31	13

The start was behind the judges' stand and the first jump a stone wall, over which Lobelia showed the way when she fell, Lochiel second, Tammany and Vesuvius next, Blind Tom fifth, and the Asteroid colt last, all jumping it in splendid style. The next five jumps were taken in the same order, until they came to the water jump in front of the grand stand. The interest of the lookers-on was now intense, as it is at this jump that casualties generally occur, either to the horses or their riders. It is an artificial pond, about twelve feet wide, with a stone wall in front of it. Lobelia cleared it first, then Lochiel, Blind Tom third, Tammany fourth, and then Vesuvius, the Asteroid colt stumbling, and after throwing his rider, galloping away without him. The different jumps were then taken in almost the same relative order, but at the fence at the foot of Hunter & Travers' stable, Lobelia went the wrong course, and instead of turning back she continued on her way. When after making the circuit of the course, all taking the leaps without mistake or accident, they came again to the water jump, Lobelia was still in the lead, and she took the leap flying, in superb style; Tammany next, Blind Tom third, Lochiel—who made a terrific jump, clearing, by subsequent measure, 34 feet—fourth, and Vesuvius last. Crossing the track, Lochiel, being under strong headway, jumped the fence rail of the diagonal track instead of the hurdle, a much easier and lower leap, and instead of correcting the error by returning and taking the hurdle, he continued his career. At length they came to the last hurdle but one, placed midway on the lower stretch. Tammany here overtook Lobelia, and the pair jumped the hurdle side by side, Tammany's head being before Lobelia's. Blind Tom being over fourth and Vesuvius last. On the home-stretch Lochiel cut loose, and was soon on even terms with Tammany and Lobelia, the three jumping the last hurdle simultaneously. A pushing and exciting struggle now ensued, which lasted to the stand, Lochiel winning in a splendid finish by half a length, Lobelia beating Tammany the same distance. The judges ruled out both Lobelia and Lochiel for not running the proper course, and gave the race to Tammany and the second place and money to Blind Tom, Mr. Donahue's horses thus running first and second. Time, 6:10¾. Summary:—

SARATOGA, SECOND DAY, AUG. 19.—Steeple chase Handicap, for all ages, about three miles, over a fair hunting course; $800 to the winner and $300 to the second horse.

Joseph Donahue entered ch g Tammany, by Lexington, dam Liz Mardis, 5 yrs old, 147 lbs.....H. Gaffney 1
Joseph Donahue entered br h Blind Tom, by Star Davis, dam Margravine, aged, 152 lbs.....Sutcliffe 2
J. H. Tully entered b g Vesuvius, by Vandyke, dam Lizzie Berry, 5 yrs old, 144 lbs.....Tully 3
Coffin & Lawrence entered b c Lochiel, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Bonnet, 4 yrs old, 147 lbs.....Midgeley 0
James Thompson entered br m Lobelia, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Capitola, aged, 148 lbs.....Tim Henry 0
John O'Donnell entered b c by Asteroid, dam Lavendar, 4 yrs old, 132 lbs.....Griffin 0

Time, 6:10¾.

THE SECOND RACE

was for a purse of $500, for all ages, to carry 100 lbs.; one mile and a half. The only entries were Tubman, 4 years, and Frank Hampton, 5 years, and such a certainty did it look for the former that the following long odds were laid in the pools:—

Tubman	$135	$225	$425	$175
Frank Hampton	80	50	135	50

Tubman was first off, but Frank Hampton was speedily on equal terms with him, and the pair ran yoked for a mile and a quarter, neither having any advantage over the other. The race was a beautiful one, so equally did the horses run, the pace being fast, for the first mile was run in 1:45. They came up the home-stretch together until reaching opposite the lower end of the grand stand, when Tubman, to the great consternation of his backers, suddenly quit, and Frank Hampton, galloping on, won the race by twenty lengths. Time, 2:40. Tubman pulled up very lame, and it was stated he had suddenly thrown a curb in the race when he stopped. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Purse $500, for all ages, to carry 100lbs.; one mile and a half.

Bacon & Holland entered br h Frank Hampton, by imported Aysgarth, dam by Charley Ball, 5 yrs old.....Richardson 1
D. McDaniel & Co. entered b c Tubman, by War Dance, dam Lass of Sidney, 4 yrs old.....Roe 2

Time, 3:40.

THE SELLING RACE,

for a purse of $800, for all ages, one mile and three quarters, with allowances in weight according to entered selling price, as in the subjoined summary, had seven runners—Mary Louise, 4yrs, 90lbs.; Echo, $600, 95lbs.; King Henry, $600, 99lbs.; Sanford, $600, 109lbs.; Cadence, $1,000, 98lbs.; Winesap, $1,000, 95lbs., and Astronomer, $800, 99lbs. The pool betting was as follows, and was very heavy:—

Mary Louise	$100	$340	$450	$610
Cadence	110	390	430	585
King Henry	70	250	370	400
Sanford	80	170	205	250
Winesap	85	175	250	200
Field	80	90	100	120

Sanford and Winesap were first to show in front when the flag fell, with Cadence and Mary Louise next. As the horses entered the track after running the diagonal quarter, King Kenry was leading, with Sanford at his heels, Cadence and Winesap next, and the favorite fifth. They ran along the lower stretch, closely to the stand, King Henry still leading, as they passed under the string, half a length before Sanford, Cadence and Astronomer third and fourth and the favorite sixth. On the back-stretch Sanford beat a retreat, and Echo, running past her horses, took a decided lead, which she retained until entering the home-stretch, when Mary Louise, who had gradually worked her way to the front, challenged her, and the pair made a few strides, quitting her without difficulty, won the race by two lengths, Echo beating King Henry ten lengths for second place. Time, 3:07¾, which is the same as Corsican ran this distance in three years ago. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Selling Race, purse $600, for all ages; one mile and three-quarters. Horses entered to be sold for $2,000 to carry their appropriate weights; for $1,500, allowed 7 lbs.; for $1,000, 13 lbs.; for $600, 16 lbs. The winner to be sold at auction.

John O'Donnell entered g f Mary Louise, by Lightning, dam by Sovereign, 4 yrs old, $600, 90 lbs.....Hannon 1
D. Buckley entered ch m Echo, by Australian, dam Kate Hayes, 5 yrs old, $600, 95 lbs.....Roe 2
Joseph McCormack entered b g King Henry, by Lexington, dam Tokay, 6 yrs old, $600, 99 lbs.....Lakeland 3
Joseph Donahue entered ch h Sanford, by Uncle Vic, dam Dolly Carter, aged, $600, 102 lbs.....Holloway 4
J. W. Harbeck, Jr., entered ch g Cadence, by Censor, dam Rachael Dowson, 4 yrs old, $1,000, 93 lbs.....A. Jackson 5
T. W. Doswell entered b f Winesap, by Vandyke, dam Nina, 4 yrs old, $1,000, 95 lbs.....Godwin 6
R. Shea entered br c Astronomer, by Asteroid, dam Miss Carter, 4 yrs old, $600, 99 lbs.....McLaughlin 7

Time, 3:07¾.

THIRD DAY, TUESDAY, AUG. 20th.

COUNT D'ORSAY WINS THE TWO YEAR-OLD SWEEPSTAKES; EXPERIENCE OAKS THE THREE YEAR-OLD PURSE, AND MARY LOUISE THE FREE HANDICAP.

The weather continued favorable, and the heat was not so oppressive as on the previous day. The attendance also was large, but the ladies' stand showed a falling off in numbers, owing probably to there not being a steeple chase or hurdle race on the day's programme. The track was in fair order, notwithstanding the heavy rain of the previous night; the hot sun and the constant use of the harrow having rapidly dried the soil of the course. The first event of the day was

THE TWO-YEAR OLD SWEEPSTAKES

of $100 each, half forfeit, with $700 added, had four runners—Count D'Orsay, Medorac, Strachino and Mr. Withers' imported bay colt by Marsyas, out of Marchioness. Pools sold as follows:—Count D'Orsay, $255; Strachino, $300; Medorac, $140, and Withers' colt $55. Merodac got off some lengths behind; Strachino having the best of the start, Withers next, and Count D'Orsay third. Strachino and Withers were lapped as they entered the regular course after running across the enclosure, but the former drew away on the lower stretch, and the favorite, passing Withers, took second place. Strachino held the lead by half a way up the quarter stretch, when D'Orsay challenged him resolutely, and had him safe in a few strides, winning the race easily by three lengths; Strachino beating Merodac a length for second place. Time, 1:19¾. Summary:—

SARATOGA, THIRD DAY, AUG. 20th.—Sweepstakes, for two year olds; $100 entrance; half forfeit, with $700 added by the association; closed with twenty-nine nominations, of which two were rendered void by the death of the nominator; value of the stakes, $3,380; a dash of three-quarters of a mile.

A. Belmont entered ch c Count D'Orsay, by Kentucky, dam Lady Blessington, 100 lbs.....Hannone 1
Hunter & Travers entered imp. bl c Strachino, by Parmesan, dam May Bell, 100 lbs.....Gray 2
W. W. Glenn entered ch c Merodac, by imp. Australian, dam Ada Cheatham, 100 lbs.....Case 3
D. D. Withers entered imp. b c ——, by Marsyas, out of Marchioness, 100 lbs.....Lakeland 0

Time, 1:19¾.

THE THREE-YEAR OLD RACE,

for a purse of $500, a dash of a mile and an eighth, had five runners—Gray Planet, Buckden, Piedmont, Experience Oaks, and Mimi. Gray Planet sold for $1,000; Buckden $300; Mimi, $300; Piedmont $295, and Experience Oaks $135. When the flag fell, Piedmont went to the front, and cut out the running for over half a mile, with Buckden second, Gray Planet third, and Experience Oaks fourth. On the lower stretch Experience Oaks rushed through her horses, was leading a length and a half as they turned into the stretch, and galloping strong, won easily by six lengths in 1:57¾; Buckden second, a length before Gray Planet; Mimi fourth and Piedmont last. The time, considering the track and the weight carried, was very fast; Fanny Ludlow, a four-year old, carrying 5 lbs. less weight, having run the distance over this course in 1:56¾, which is at the rate of 1:43 1-9 to the mile. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Purse $650; for three-year olds, five per cent. entrance to go to the second horse. winners this year of any single race amounting to $1,500 to carry ten pounds extra; a dash of a mile and an eighth.

Glen Flora Stock Breeding Association entered b f Experience Oaks, by Bonnie Scotland, dam by Lexington, 107 lbs.....Gilliam 1
Hunter & Travers entered imp b c Buckden, by Lord Clifden, dam Consequence, 110 lbs.....McAdams 2
A. Belmont entered gr c Gray Planet, by Planet, dam Eaglena, 110 lbs.....Floyd. 3
D. Withers entered br f Minnie, by imp. Eclipse, dam Hennie Parrow, 110 lbs.....Holloway. 0
T. B. & W. K. Davis entered b c Piedmont, by Asteroid, dam Fairy, 110 lbs.....Henry. 0

Time, 1:57¾.

THE FREE HANDICAP,

for all ages, for a purse of $650, one mile and three quarters, had five runners—Mary Louise, 4 yrs, 92 lbs.; Arizona, 4 yrs, 102 lbs.; Frank Hampton, 5 yrs, 110 lbs.; Defender, 5 yrs, 110 lbs., and Brother to Consuelo, 3 yrs, 80 lbs. The betting was 100 to 85 on Frank Hampton, on the strength of his victory over Tubman, over being made the favorite, realizing $1,020 against Mary Louise's $680; Defender, $600; Arizona, $540, and Pennock's colt $370. Merodac had been sold the evening of the night before at the pool room, but in the morning at exercise it was found that he was so sore he could hardly raise a gallop, and he was drawn, although Bobby Irwin had wanted to be to ride him. Pennock's Colt made the running with Defender and Frank Hampton in hot pursuit for a mile and a half, when both he and Defender retired, leaving Frank Hampton in possession of the lead, with Arizona next, and Mary Louise third. A splendid race up the stretch ended in Mary Louise winning by a head, a neck separating Frank Hampton from Arizona. Time, 3:19. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Free Handicap for all ages; purse $650; five per cent. entrance to go to second horse. Dash one mile and three-quarters.

J. W. Weldon entered gr f Mary Louise, four years old, by Lightning, dam by Sovereign, 92lbs.....Hannone 1
Bacon and Holland entered b h Frank Hampton, five years old, by Aysgarth, dam by Charley Ball, 110lbs.....W. Richardson 2
A. C. Franklin entered br f Arizona, four years old, by Lexington, dam by imp Eclipse, 102lbs.....Tuly 3
J. W. Peacock entered b c ——, three years old, by Vandal, dam Margravine, 88lbs.....C. Richardson 0
John Morrissey entered ch h Defender, five years old, by John Morgan, dam Cynosura, 110lbs.....Gilpatrick 0

Time, 3:19.

FOURTH DAY, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 21st.

BLIND TOM WINS THE HURDLE RACE—HARRY BASSETT THE $800 PURSE, AND OSCOLAN THE THREE QUARTER MILE DASH.

The day continued intensely hot, but there was no falling off in the attendance, which, in fact, was increased over that of the previous day in consequence of a hurdle race being on the programme. The track was in splendid order and fast time was looked for and realized in one instance only.

THE HURDLE RACE

for a purse of $600, two miles, over eight hurdles, had four runners—Gao, ridden by W. Midgley, 140 lbs.; Blind Tom, ridden by Gaffney, 150 lbs.; Vesuvius, with Tully in the saddle, 141 lbs., and the Asteroid colt, out of Lavender, 132 lbs., with Brown up. Blind Tom sold for $400; Vesuvius, $150; Gao, $100, and the Asteroid colt, $90. Gao made the running, with Blind Tom second, four lengths behind, Vesuvius next and the Asteroid colt last. In this way they ran the first mile, all jumping finely. At the fifth hurdle the Asteroid colt fell and threw his rider, and thereby extinguished his chance of winning. Vesuvius was stiff and unable to go the pace, and Blind Tom, working patiently on Gao up to the last hurdle, closed and jumped it simultaneously with him, and, after a terrible finish, won the race by a short neck, in 3:39¾. Summary:—

SARATOGA, FOURTH DAY, AUG. 21st.—First race, hurdle handicap for all ages, for a purse of $600; the winner to receive $500, and the second $100; a dash of two miles, over eight hurdles.

J. Donahue entered br h Blind Tom, 6 yrs old, by Star Davis, dam Margravine, 150lbs.....H. Gaffney 1
H. C. Dawson entered b h Gao, aged, by Jeff Davis, dam Nimeta, 140lbs.....Midgely 2
J. H. Tully entered b g Vesuvius, 5 yrs old, by Vandyke, dam Lizzie Berry, 141lbs.....Tully 3
J. O'Donnell entered ch c ——, 4 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Lavender, 132lbs.....T. Brown 0

—Fell.

Time, 3:39¾.

THE 3-RECORD RACE,

for a purse of $300, a dash of two miles and a quarter, had only two horses entered—Harry Bassett and Mary Louise. The betting was $100 to ten on Bassett. Mary Louise got three lengths the best of the start, but before they had run two hundred yards Bassett's immense sweeping stride carried him to the front, the first quarter having been run in 34 seconds. Roe's orders were to pull to the filly for over two miles and a quarter, and then bid her good by. This he did, and when he loosed his pull on the reins Bassett shot out, and opening a wide gap, won the race, without having ever been extended, by twenty lengths, in 3:06. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Purse, $800, for all ages; five per cent. entrance to go to the second horse; a dash of two miles and three-quarters.

D. McDaniels & Co. entered ch c Harry Bassett, four years old, by Lexington, dam Canary Bird, 108 lbs.....Roe 1
J. W. Weldon entered gr f Mary Louise, four years old, by Lightning, dam by imp. Sovereign, 105 lbs.....E. Thomas 2

Time, 3:06.

THE THREE MILE RACE,

for a purse of $400, for all ages, three-quarters of a mile, had seven runners:—Ortolan, Nema, Piedmont, Cape Race, Mollie McIntyre, Miss Henry and Lobelia. Ortolan was the favorite at the start, although previously Cape Race had sold over him, the former bringing $300, Piedmont $160, Cape Race $135, Nema $45 and the field $50. Ortolan was three lengths ahead when the flag fell, and he retained this advantage throughout and won cleverly by a length, in the fast time of 1:17, considering the weight he carried. Nema and Piedmont were second and third. Summary:—

SAME DAY.—Purse $400, for all ages; beaten maidens allowed five pounds; five per cent. entrance to go to the second horse; a dash of three-quarters of a mile.

Carroll & Coar entered br h Ortolan, 5 yrs old, by Donerail, dam Canary Bird, 114lbs.....Emile 1
Glenn & Co. entered ch f Nema, 3 yrs old, by Lightning, dam Cicily Jopson, 87lbs.....Sykes 2
T. B. and W. K. Davies entered b c Piedmont, 3 yrs old, by Asteroid, dam Fairy, 89lbs.....A. Lakeland 3
W. Jennings entered b c Cape Race, 3 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Ada Cheatham, 100 lbs.....Case 0
J. E. Kelly entered b f Mollie McIntyre, 3 yrs old, by Star Davis, dam Zara, 82lbs.....Ponton 0
J. McCormack entered b g King Henry, 6 yrs old, by Lexington, dam Tokay, 118lbs.....Lakeland 0
J. Thompson entered br m Lobelia, aged, by imp. Bonnie Scotland, dam Capitola, 118lbs.....Gillian 0

Time, 3:17.

FIFTH DAY, THURSDAY, AUG. 22D.

ELSIE WINS THE FREE HANDICAP, KATIE PEASE THE TWO YEAR OLD RACE, AND HUBBARD THE THREE YEAR OLD SWEEPSTAKES.

The morning of the fifth day broke dull and cloudy, a second raining rain, but there was no diminution of the intense heat, which was rendered still more unbearable by the close, muggy atmosphere. The track was deep and sticky, especially next the inside rails, and the harrow was in constant use during the forenoon to get it into anything like running order. There was a falling off in the attendance, owing, doubtless, to the threatened rain, which, however, held off until after the racing was over and the last of the visitors had returned to the village, when it descended in torrents but without the desired effect of cooling the oppressive atmosphere.

THE FREE HANDICAP

for a purse of $500, one mile, was the first event, and had nine entries and eight runners—Ortolan, Elsie, Echo, John Merryman, Lobelia, King Henry, Eastern Star and Jenny Patterson. In pools Ortolan sold for $300; Elsie, $130; Echo, $75; John Merryman, $60; Echo, $50, and the rest in the field, $33. Ortolan took the lead when the flag fell, and made the running until entering the home stretch, when Elsie challenged, and after a splendid struggle home, won by a neck; Ortolan a string under the weight in the last few strides. Time, 1:46¾. Summary:—

SARATOGA, FIFTH DAY, AUG. 22d.—Free handicap for all ages; purse $500; five per cent. entrance to go to the second horse; a dash of a mile.

D. D. Withers entered b f Elsie, 4 yrs old, by imp. Leamington, dam Babita, 98lbs.....Holloway 1
Carroll & Coar entered b h Ortolan, 5 yrs old, by Donerail, dam Canary Bird, 115lbs.....Emile 2
D. Buckley entered ch m Echo, 5 yrs old, by imp. Australian, dam Kate Hayes, 90lbs.....F. Gray 3
F. M. Hall entered b c John Merryman, 4 yrs old, by Eugene, dam

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Profession.

☞ WE HAVE NO TRAVELING AGENTS, either general or otherwise, and any persons so representing themselves are acting fraudulently. All our regular correspondents are supplied with credentials, and we particularly request that no attention be paid to persons presenting their private cards with the words "Correspondent of the NEW YORK CLIPPER" attached, as they have no authority therefor.

Clipper Post Office.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be enclosed for each and every letter sent for. Where there are two or more persons of like name in the profession, the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

LADIES' LIST.

Birch, Hannah
Brennan, Mrs. R. A.
Bryant, Maggie
Baker, Sarah A.
Clark, Dot
Cornforth, Mrs.
Claire Sisters
Cook, Rose
Celeste, Nellie P.
Coombs, Jane
Collins, Alvie
Cowell, Florence
Cowell, Sydney
Dell, Frankie (2)
Darcy, Ann
De Vere, Nellie
Eldridge, Louisa
Edgarton, Florence
Fisher, Jennie
Fontainebleau, A.
Freeman, Lizzie
Freeman Sisters
Gardner, Carrie
Griffiths, Laura
Geraldine, Mlle
Grey, Alice C.
Galton, Mrs. Pyne
Howard, Victoria
Herring, Fanny
Hunter, Jessie
Hubbard, Addie
Harrison, Lulu
Herndon, Mrs. T. J.
Howard, Nellie
Harland, Ada (2)
Harland, Mrs. (2)
Jesser, Bessie W.
Keene, Laura (2)
Louise, Mlle. 3c.
Little Nell
Mortimer, Maggie
McClellan, Jennie
Murphy, Nellie C.
May, Fanny
McKee, Mrs Andy
Nash, Sarah
Neville, Emma (3)
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Riggs, Carrie
Boedeaux, Macey
Robinson, Julia A.
Schott, Angelique (2)
Summerfield, Susie
Sharpe, Kittie (2)
Sudlow, Bessie
Stanton, Mrs. H.
Stanley, Blanche
Sheldon, Ella
Shelton, Lizzie
Tannehill, Mrs. M. L.
Willmore, Jennie
Wilton, Mrs. H.
Woodruff, Mary
Worrell, Irene
Wharton, Carrie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Agent U. S. M. (22)
Abbott, Chas.
Arlington, Wm.
Adams, Edwin
Allen, H. T.
Bagley, Geo.
Burgess, Geo.
Booker, Harry
Browne, Edwin
Brown, Ben
Bruce, C. Amory
Barbrett, J. A.
Blair, Billy
Burke, Wm. R.
Blitz, Eugene
Bowron, B.
Baker, F. F.
Bennett, Wm. P.
Castelotti, Sig. (4)
Conley, Frank F.
Clifton, Harry
Carthew, Reginald
Clark, Kit
Campbell, Frank
Clark, G. H.
Cadwell, Harry
Cope, W. C.
Callon, Joe
Callon, Charley
Crompton, Jas.
Chatterson, Jno. H.
Cook, Jas.
Courtney, Billy
Dunnie, J. F.
Drake, Wm.
Darlen, Hank
De Haven, Ned
De Cordova, R. J.
De Leon, Leon (2)
Duprez & Benedict
Dering, J.
Davenport, Chas. or Lewis
Davis, Lew
E. L.
Evans, D. T. (3)
Foster, Jesse W.
Fox, Eddie
Forbes, Charley
Forepaugh, Wm.
Fox, Joe
Fritz, Charley
Gothan, Col. R., 10c.
Gaylord, Low
Gardner, Lawrence
Gibbons, Ed.
Gregston, W. A. (2)
Hall, J. L. (2)
Hawley Bros.
Haverly, J. H.
Hicks, Chas. B.
Haywood, Tommy
Harcourt, G. B.
Holston, Art
Hill, Harry H.
Hall, E. M.
Hart, Thos.
Howes, Frank
Huntley, J. H.
Howard, Dan. P.
Huntley, Wm. A.
Iazo, Patrick, 10c
King, Harry
King, Thos. J.
Kelly, E.
Kurtz, Geo.
Kellton, Prof.
Lingard, W. H.
Lee, Chas.
Lennox, Geo. J.
McLaughlin, E.
McIntosh, Geo. D.
Mackin, Jas. 3c.
Merrill, Chas.
McEvoy, Chas.
McIntire, W. V.
Murray, Ed.
Martinetti-Ravel Troupe
Minnick, Jno. M.
Mayo, Lorenzo
Marsden, Ed.
Martino, Prof.
Melville, Walter
Minnick, Wm. H.
Mack, Mr., 3c.
Miller, A. D.
Maurer, Wm. D. (2)
Morrison, Johnny (2)
Morris, J. (2)
McEvoy, Fred.
Moore, Geo. F.
Underwood, Chas. M.
Vicioreill, W. and J.
Waidron, D. G. (3)
Walhalla Bros.
Watson, Fred
West, Lucian H.
Whitney, Chas.
Washburn, H. W.
Whitney, Leon
Washburne, F. S. (2)
Wilhelm, Gustave
Withers, Joseph
Weston, Sam
Ward, Gilbert
Washburne, Willie
White, J.
Waldron, Dan
Whiting, Joseph E.
Ward, Wm. H. (2)
Wilson, Geo. E.
Willis, Rich'd
Ward, J. D.
Young America
Zorn, Gustave
Raymond, W. C.
Rickaby, John (2)
Redman, H. T.
Ricardo (4)
Rose, B. V.
Rensaud, J. B.
Roberts, N. D.
Reynolds, Barney
Richardson, Sage
Stevens, Chas. F.
Seamon, Chas. V.
Sarony, Albert
Shelley, Sam'l W.
Sweeney, J. F.
Shaw, Gus
Stetson, Hy. R.
Sexander, E. R.
Smith, Wm. H.
Sharpley, Sam (3)
Sexton, M. C. (3)
Steele, Jno. T.
Stiles, Johnny
Stone, H. P.
Spencer & Charley (3)
Salisbury, Hop
Seamon, P. H.
Stuart, Edwin (2)
Schaad, Jos.
Smith, Frank L.
Stoddard, J. H.
Sprague, D. J.
Snow, Wm. A.
Seeley, Chas.
Stuttz, J. G.
Sprague & Mack
Thurnout, Alfred, Ile.
Tinkham, Ed.
Templeton, John
Tannehill, Frank A.
Underwood, Chas. M.
Vicioreill, W. and J.
Waidron, D. G. (3)
Walhalla Bros.
Watson, Fred
West, Lucian H.
Whitney, Chas.
Washburn, H. W.
Whitney, Leon
Washburne, F. S. (2)
Wilhelm, Gustave
Withers, Joseph
Weston, Sam
Ward, Gilbert
Washburne, Willie
White, J.
Waldron, Dan
Whiting, Joseph E.
Ward, Wm. H. (2)
Wilson, Geo. E.
Willis, Rich'd
Ward, J. D.
Young America
Zorn, Gustave

Introductory Overture.

MONDAY, Aug. 26th, '72.

Ritten bi Rekwest, bi "Our Jim."

This job is a gittin plade out. I had a contrax tu go tu the fishin banks with a guri tu da, but the a next noat, it will be sene with disgustnis, closes the banks as fur as time consumed, and purwents me passin current, as it ware. Rede this straynge and onnscherll billet dux, and se wot *yu* think of such aborshianis.

Private and Confidential.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 24th, 1872.

DEAR JIM.—This is only for your eye. The "champions" lured us on to Steubenville, Ohio, and then fascinated us so by their wimpsh as to induce us to go into the ajacent country, where we felt sure that a belligerent attitude would be struck: but alas! this idea proved to be fallacious, and the promised "battle of the wilderness" was not fought, the opposing generals fighting shy of each other, which was the only sort of fighting done, and as the railroad train gave us the "go by," or leastwise "left us out in the cold," we had a camp meeting in earnest. But, as our mutual friend Lagerbier is alleged to have said, "I am here." "Ain't I glad to get out of the wilderness!" Whilst in that inhospitable tract of land, we were famished and compelled to drink ditch water, or die in the last ditch. The mosquitoes played such a tune as to induce us to go into the "wilderness,"

roe, who sustained the part of Sir Frederick Blount in "Money," was dismissed on the evening of the 20th inst., for appearing on the stage in an "undressed" condition, and his part was read by an other member of the company. Susan Galton makes her first appearance this season on the 26th inst., in "The Pride of the Market," and an original drama entitled "The Postilion of Bonville," will be presented.

Musical.

C. W. PETTIT, a young man who can play the cornet and violin, advertises for an engagement which will give him an opportunity for improvement.

RICHARD GRIFFIN, solo euphonium, who can be addressed care of this office, desires an engagement.

JOHN TEMPLETON'S ENGLISH COMIC AND BALLAD OPERA COMPANY will open a season of one week at Bowling Green, Ky., commencing Aug. 26th; Lexington, one week, commencing Sept. 9th; Atlanta, Ga., one week, commencing the 16th, and Savannah, one week, commencing the 30th. They propose to play in the Mammoth Cave, Ky., during the Louisville exposition, which will be the first experiment of the kind ever tried.

ARTHUR BIVINGTON, solo guitarist, who plays second violin and E flat alto in brass, advertises that he can be engaged.

E. A. ANDRE, solo violinist, who plays alto in brass, advertises that he can be engaged.

SEVERAL MUSICIANS are wanted for a leading circus. Address Leader, as per advertisement.

MUSICIANS, who can play brass and string, are wanted by Fuller & Hughes, who advertise.

GEO. H. MAXWELL, who can be addressed as per card elsewhere, wants a band of four pieces, to play brass and string.

JOSEPH A. KUHN, leader of the orchestra at the Academy of Music, Buffalo, N. Y., assisted by Louis Plogsted and Frank Kuhn, has opened a conservatory of music in that city.

FREDERICK STANLEY, tympani and snare drummer, advertises that he can be engaged.

A BOY SINGER can secure an engagement with a concert troupe by applying to Col. T. A. Brown.

THOS. HOWARD, bombardo player, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

JAMES COOKE, violinist and second cornet, who can be addressed care of this office, wants an engagement.

THE THIRD ORCHESTRAL CONCERT at Pacific Hall, San Francisco, was given on Aug. 18th, when Mr. Vernon Lincoln, an English tenor, made a *debut*. He sang "Good Night, Beloved," and "Let Me Like a Soldier Fall," to great applause. He has a pure chest voice, sweet in tone but not overstrong.....Miss Anna Mehlig was to have given her regular Saturday *matinee* piano-forte recital at Platt's Hall, on the 17th. These recitals are always brilliantly attended.....At Platt's Hall a complimentary concert to Signorina Adelina Speranza came off on the 15th. Signora Asunta Speranza made her first appearance on the occasion, and both ladies were heard to advantage in cavatinas from "I Barbiere de Siviglia" and "El Besito." The attendance was fashionable..... The Agatha States Italian Opera Troupe will return from Australia in October, and give a season of opera in San Francisco in November. It is represented that their tour in the colonies was eminently successful. This is the third opera company that intends to visit San Francisco this fall. If they would all consolidate they might make for once a respectable season.

SMITH'S SWISS BELL RINGERS performed at Taylorville, Ill., Aug. 21st.

Variety Halls.

THE AMERICAN THEATRE, Milwaukee, Wis., was opened for the season on Aug 17th, with the following company: E. B. Clinton, F. L. Fenton, D. D. Squire, O. Keefe, J. Kelly, the Misses Kate Brooks, Polly Florence, Nellie Nelson and Nellie Rathbun, who acted in "Lost in London;" Loralynn, *trapezist*; Quilter and Goldrich, song and dance; Master George, clog dancer; T. H. Jefferson, banjoist; J. A. Whettony, ceiling walker; Nettles and Kelly, contortion song and dance; and Annie Harrison, vocalist. The company, with the exception of Quilter and Goldrich, who go to Cleveland, O., remain this week.

NELLIE HOWARD, jig dancer, commences an engagement at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Sept. 2d, and the Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich, Oct. 7th.

ELISE SCOTT, *premiere* character *danseuse*, at present at Aims' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., where she can be addressed, is prepared to accept engagements after Sept. 14th.

WINTHROP & MAC, character song and dance artists, and general performers, advertise that they can be engaged.

THE VICTORELLI FAMILY, gymnasts, &c., who can be addressed care of this office, are engaged for the following theatres:—Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., commencing Sept. 2d; Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 23d; Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich., oct. 21st; and they are to open in Cleveland O., Nov. 4th, and Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 2d.

LADY VOCALISTS, *danseuses*, gymnasts and other talent, are wanted by Jake Berry, who advertises, for his Opera House, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

MRS. R. S. PARKER, professionally known as Miss Fanny May, gave birth to a boy weighing some nine pounds, on Aug. 15th, at the residence of her sister, at Chelsea, Mass.

SAM DEVINE, banjoist and comedian, will be prepared to accept engagements for the fall and winter season, in a few weeks, through his agents, Messrs Padget & Barker, of Chicago, Ill.

THE LESLIES, acrobats and gymnasts, now playing at the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., where they can be addressed, will be at liberty to engage after Sept. 2d.

C. H. BOCROX, cornet and violin player, and his wife, serio-comic vocalist and *danseuse*, advertise for an engagement.

CAL MANDEVILLE, London comique and general performer, and Maggie Maguire, vocalist and *soubrette*, are at present engaged at Smith's Opera House, East Saginaw, Mich., where they can be addressed until Sept 20th.

MAFFIT & JEFFREY, gymnasts, ceiling walkers, &c., who can be addressed care of this office, want engagements in variety theatres, or with a circus going south for the winter.

MISS LISLE RIDDELL, vocalist, and James Kelly, stage manager of Washburn's Last Sensation, sever their connection with that show at Hornelsville, N. Y., Aug 26th, going to Boston, Mass.

JAKE BERRY'S THEATRE COMIQUE, Wilkesbarre, Pa., was opened Aug 17th, with the following company:—Harry Leslie, who does a high rope ascension outside the hall, and comic acts and pantomimes inside; little Miss de Angelis, specialties; Mazora Arnoldi, dancer; Louisa Bliss, rope dancer; Dolly May, vocalist; Augusta Blake, burlesque actress; Annette Sydney, actress; John de Angelis, eccentricities; Harry Armstrong, comedian; T. Turner, song and dance; Patrick Murphy, Irish vocalist; Harry Lester, tenor vocalist; Prof. John L. Minnick, musical performer, and Prof. Nackman, leader of orchestra and brass band.

CAVANAUGH'S VARIETIES, SCRANTON, PA., was opened to a large audience on Aug. 19th, the new company meeting with a favorable reception. The most prominent features were Ed. Banker in his mystic changes; Mlle de Granville in feats of strength; James Queen, stump orator, and Miss Lydia Webster, club swinger.

PETE CANNON, Irish vocalist, burlesque lecturer, &c., advertises for an engagement.

LOONEY'S VARIETIES, St. Louis, Mo., has opened under favorable auspices. Among the notables of the company is Mons. Henri, with his prodigies, Masters Tommy and Charlie, who in their acts give unbounded satisfaction. Miss Flora, also one of the combination, in clog and song and dance, is generally praiseworthy. The company further comprises Miss Lizzie Lamareaux, Miss Florence, Kate Montrose, Sophie Gordon, Mlle. Emaline, Miss Delany, Joe Gulick, Charlie Mulgo, Johnny McVeigh, and Tom Williams, the latter of whom is the stage director for the season.

THE BROOKLYN OLYMPIC did a good business during the first week of the fifth season, ending Aug. 24th, the company including Le Fort, the Misses Gussie Greyton, Ida Greenfield, Iona Lang, Emily Herbert, and Hannah Campbell; the Sweet Brothers, Hugh Fay, Eugene Blitz, James Mack, Watson Brothers, and T. L. Donnelly. Dan Kelly joins this week, and the drama of "Ben Bolt" is to be performed, with a good variety bill.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., since the opening of the new season, business has been immense, notwithstanding the extreme heat. The new appearance on the 19th, was Julia Robinson, who met with a reception equal to her abilities. On the 23d Kate Fisher was added, producing "Mazeppa," the house being literally packed, so that we were only able to get our head inside, no standing room even. Frank Bosworth has been engaged to support Miss Fisher. On the 24th, Manchester and Jennings close, joining Barnum's Circus; Belle Celeste and Mathews also close the same date, going to Washington on the 26th. Five new stars appear—Gus Fredericks, Harry Causeland, Mlle. Annetta, Mons. Ravini and Mlle. Zeonetti. So wrote our correspondent on Aug. 23d.

TOM HARPER, one legged song and dance performer, is creating a sensation at the Cricket Variety Hall, at Pueblo, Colorado. Signors Horonomo and son, jugglers and snake charmers, were the latest fresh appearances. Hi Thompson and Billy Sutherland have gone to Santa Fe, New Mexico, to open a variety theatre. Johnny Bliss, Ethiopian comedian, is billed to appear Aug. 26th.

THE METROPOLITAN VARIETY THEATRE, Washington, D. C., under the management of Mr. B. Henze, has been thoroughly reconstructed during the past few weeks, and one would scarcely reconize it. Our correspondent, writing on Aug. 29th, gives the appended summary:—

The old dingy hall in the new and pretty theatre. The improvements are so numerous that it would occupy too much space to describe them as fully as they deserve, but a brief notice of them will probably not be uninteresting. To begin with, the auditorium has been divided into an orchestra and parquet, which are separated by a neat white panneing. The orchestra has been furnished with comfortable arm chairs, and the parquet with raised tiers of seats, each one of which commands a full view of the stage. A large ventilator has been placed in the ceiling which will materially improve the air, and the bar which formerly ran across one side of the hall has been removed into an adjoining room, the entrance to which is through a arched doorway. Fresh, bright scenery and a new and handsome drop curtain have been painted, and the walls and ceiling re-frescoed. New boxes have been added on each side of the stage, and handsomely furnished, and, in short, wherever anything could be improved it has been done. On the evening of the 23d Manager Henze gave a supper to the members of the press and his immediate friends by way of a house warming. This affair was in every way reckerche and elaborate. The table was loaded down with good things; champagne of the best brand flowed free'y, speeches were made, toasts given and replied to, and when the guests departed they did so with the unanimous expressed opinion that their host was a very king of good fellows. On Saturday evening, at the close of the minstrel scene, Valentine Love arose and, on behalf of the departing company, presented James Porter, the stage manager, with an elegant cold headed cane. Mr. Porter, although evidently taken completely by surprise, replied in a few extremely well chosen and happy remarks, in which he assured the company that he would never forget either them or the many happy days they had spent together. The entire company, which has been performing here for the past eight weeks, concluded their engagement on the 24th, and their destinations on leaving are as follows:—Valentine Love and Nellie Mayhew go to Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia; Josie Farrell, Jennie Eaton and H. W. Eagan to Wild's Opera House, Cleveland, O.; the Gorenflo Sisters, Marie and Amelia, to the Opera House, Baltimore, Md., where they open on Sept. 2d. The rest company, which is announced to appear on August 28th—on which date the full season commences—is composed of the following performers:—Maggie Mortimer, Josie Warner and Lilly Raymond, vocalists; Macy Deadson, Nellie Wilson and Carrie Hilder, song and dance performers; Emma Gordon, soubrette; Charlie Gardiner, Ethiopian comedian; J. P. Hill, Dutch comedian; Charley Forrest, female impersonator, and a Zovara, who styles itself the Terpsichorean honeysuckle. James Porter will continue as stage manager, Professor Arth as leader of the orchestra, and Harry Jones as general superintendent of the theatre.....Walker's Theatre Comique is rapidly approaching completion, and the city is heavily billed for its opening on Sept. 2d. Public expectation is on tip-toe.

MORTIMER'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, will open for the season on the 26th inst., with an entirely new company. *Matinees* for ladies and children will be given in the future on Thursday and Saturday afternoons, the evening performances now being exclusively for gentlemen. Miss Amy De Brent and Eph Horn, Jr., appear in addition to the company mentioned in our last issue. Mr. Charles Kaufman will act as director of the orchestra.

FITZ SIMMONS, stage manager, advertiser, &c., who has been connected with the amusements of Pittsburgh, Pa., for the past two seasons, is well spoken of by the press, extracts from which are published in another column.

ED. BANKER, changed, fast, commences an engagement at Aimes' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., on September 2d, where he can be addressed.

THE GARDEN MUSIC HALL, Third and Girard avenue, Philadelphia, is doing a splendid business with a variety combination, and it supplies a much needed place of amusement for the people of that section of the city. Mel. Kurtz and William Willmagyre are the proprietors, and Charles Devere is the stage manager. The company includes Mel. Kurtz, Charles Devere, Mlle. Salina, Millie Wilson, Mlle. St. Clair, Miss Carrie Spencer and others. Billy Wright opened here on the 24th inst. in his great impalement feat, Neal Conway, jig dancer, also putting in an appearance on that date. It is the intention of the management to make a pretty variety theatre on the site of this garden as soon as the cold weather sets in.

THE NEW FACES that appeared on the 19th inst. at the Coliseum, Rochester, N. Y., were the Maynard brothers, doing the horizontal bar and *trapeze* acts. In the latter, one of the brothers fell. He was injured but slightly and appeared again last evening. Prof. St. Maure, ventriloquist, who does his business neatly, made a favorable impression. Alice Bateman and Billy Noonan, in a double clog, received a double encore. Foley and Wade appeared in new songs and dances, and Miss Gertie Granville in new statues. Last evening, Pessaye and Hughes were given a complimentary benefit, when Miss Sadie Rogers, Agnes Sutherland, Joe Welch, Langdon and Mary Wentworth appeared. The audience was the largest of the season, and the benefit was a success, artistically as well as financially. No new stars are underlined to appear. So wrote our correspondent on Aug. 24th.

THE WASHINGTON VARIETIES, Providence, R. I., has been completely renovated during the vacation. The floor, formerly level, has been made inclining, and the auditorium has been about equally divided between the parquet and orchestra chairs. The scenery, decorations, drop curtain, chairs and settees are all new. The fall season opens on the 26th, with Stalker and Hopkins as managers. The company positively engaged so far, are: Bowman and Harris, song and dance men; Den Howe, character actor; Geo. Buckley, banjoist; John H. Hand, leader of orchestra; Harry Miller, stage manager, and the Misses Lillie Howe, Florence Hastings, Della Gonsales and Jennie Wilson. So wrote our correspondent on Aug. 24th.

FRED AIMS' AMERICAN THEATRE, Pittsburgh, Pa., commenced its fall and winter season on the 17th inst. The interior of the building has been materially improved since it was known as the Fifth Avenue Opera House. The boxes have been refitted and redecorated, the drop curtain and much of the scenery are new, painted by Messrs. Palmer and Hoyt; the dress circle is handsomely papered; entrances, stairways, etc., newly painted; dome elaborately frescoed, and gobbe lights and ventilating apparatus added. Fred. Aims is lessee and manager; and Fitz Simmons stage manager and advertiser. The theatre was jammed up and down stairs, and many were unable to procure admission. Up to present writing business has been large. The people who appeared during the inaugural entertainment were:—John Harr, Charles Howard, Master Barney, Hurley and Marr, La Verde children, Annie Adams, Blanche Selwyn, Miles. Jeanette Proschier, Elise, Gabrielle Schrotter, Marie Kurtz, Josephine, the Misses Viro Farrand, Lucy Clinetop, Sallie Clinetop, Mlle. Henrietta Schrotter, the Misses Lillie Eastman, Bella Clifton, Millie Young, Florence Trueman, Katie Clifton, Josephine Atkinson, Emma Bruce and Ellen Gillespie. An overture by Nick Toerge's orchestra introduced the evening's programme. Favorite selections by La Verde were next given, and the lady was twice recalled. The La Verde children (two in number) then appeared in a statue clog, which was cleverly executed, considering that children did it. The dance was *encored*. Master Barney's Dutch lyrics were received with favor, and he was repeatedly recalled. A double song and dance by Hurley and Marr met with enthusiastic approbation. Both dance well and sing acceptably. The character songs of Miss Blanche Selwyn made a favorable impression. The lady is inclined to *em bon point*, her costuming is elegant, manner natural and vocalization passably good. "The Intelligence Office" was presented, with John Hart, Master Barney and Hurley in the cast. Hart's appearance on the stage elicited the most vociferous applause, which continued for some seconds. Every movement he made seemed to convulse the audience with laughter. As an eccentric Ethiopian comedian he is one of the best I have ever seen. After an overture by the orchestra, the ballet of "Satanella, the Spirit of Beauty," was produced, with Miles. Proschier and Elise as *premieres*, whose artistic dancing and graceful action elicited deserved praise; also the *secundo danseuses* and *coryphees*. Miss Annie Adams' singing was the gem of the programme, she having a peculiarly rich voice under perfect control. Her manner is easy and winning, style original, and costumes in strict accordance with cultivated taste. Her efforts were vigorously applauded and the lady responded to a number of *encores*. "Old Pete's Birthday" was given next, with Charles Howard as Old Uncle Pete, and Marr as Mr. Thompson. Howard's reception was of the most exciting nature, applause and cheers being accorded him from every part of the house. His rendering of the song "I Couldn't Stay Away" evoked lavish applause and an *encore*. The performance concluded with the afterpiece entitled "The Doctor and his Patients; or, the Two Coal Heavers," with Hart, Howard, Hurley, and Barney in the cast. On the 19th J. C. Campbell, an excellent negro delineator, Frank Gibbons, who performs astonishing gymnastic feats, and George L. Hall, a good comedian and general performer, were added to the company. Wednesday and Saturday family *matinees* will be given. The dress circle and parquette patrons are provided with fans by Manager Aims during the heated term.....E. M. Hall is the only accession this week to the company at the Varieties Theatre. He is a clever Ethiopian delineator, and manipulates a banjo with considerable skill. There is an entire change of programme, and many enjoyable acts are presented, conspicuous among which are the following:—Triple song and dance, by the Carroll midgets; "The Old Man's Drunk Again," by Courtright and Gilbert; extravaganza of "Blue Beard," by Harry Brown; "Bad Whisky," by Billy Barry and Lucy Cheney; Gus Williams' song of "Chloe," and character vocalizations and changes; "The Old Couple," by Hen Mason and Celia Iferd, and new songs and dances by Miss Helene Smith. Business averages very fair. Harry Brown opens at Mortimer's, Philadelphia, on Sept. 2d. The above is as reported by our correspondent on Aug. 23d.

ANNIE ADAMS, serio-comic vocalist, at present filling a three weeks' engagement at Aims' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., is favorably noticed by the press, as will be seen by extracts published in another column.

FIRST CLASS ATTRACTIONS are wanted for the Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill., and the Front Street Theatre Comique, Baltimore, Md. See Wm. E. Sinn's card in another column.

THE COMPANY at the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., consists of R. G. Marsh, Johnny Tuers, Matt Kelly, Reynolds Brothers, J. H. Larkin, Tommy Bree, Harry Sinclair, Tommy Barton, Will Bark, Lon McCarthy, Mrs. Chas. Coriell, Carry Armstrong, Ida Fisk, Marie Zoel, Carrie Chapman, Minnie Pillmore, Jennie Johnson, Fanny Garretson, Minnie Calder, Susie Robinson and Miss Josephine. On the 17th the company was swelled by the appearances of Miss Kennedy, vocalist, and John Enright, burlesque orator.....At the New American Theatre the new engagements are Josie Mayfield, May Leroy, and Coghill and Cooper, double song and dance. .....Aline Le Favre was to give a masquerade ball at City Gardens on Sunday, the 26th.

A COMPANY, to be called Parker's Varieties, is organizing at Manchester, N. H., and will start out for a tour early in Sept.

TONY PASTOR and his traveling company perform at Salem, Mass., Sept. 3d; Lynn, 4th; Pawtucket, R. I., 5th; Newport, 6th; Taunton, Mass., 7th; Providence, 9th; Hartford, Conn., 10th; Waterbury, 11th; Norwalk, 12th; Bridgeport, 13th, and New Haven, 14th.

AT WOOD'S OPERA HOUSE, Little Rock, Ark., the fresh appearances on Aug. 22d were Susie Starr, Nellie Clayton, Blanche Baxter and Eva Maywood. Those that closed were Lizzie Buchanan and little Mary, the former going to Memphis, Tenn., and the latter to St. Louis, Mo. Talent is advertised for.

AT THE OPERA HOUSE, Baltimore, Md., a good bill was given the past week to satisfactory audiences; Harry Hurdy, a youthful and expert gymnast, as we learn through our correspondent, Aug. 19, "performing among others, the feat of turning a complete somersault between two *trapezes*, about fifteen feet apart. In the first part, Frank Howe figures to advantage as interlocutor, whilst Harry Price and George Herman make the ends quite lively. Miss Jessie Howard rendered the charming ballad 'Don't be Angry With Me, Darling,' in an acceptable manner. The dances and serio-comic songs of Miss Bella Graham, who, by the bye, possesses a very comely face and figure, continue to meet with approbation. A very ludicrous act, termed 'The Great Mace and O'Baldwin Fight,' was well done by Bob Hall, Frank Howe, George Herman and Harry Price. The principal feature of the programme was the drama of 'Jack Sheppard,' Jessie Howard personating the hero. A very novel and realistic hanging scene, originated by Frank Howe, formed an exciting finale to the play. The balance of the entertainment comprised serio-comic songs by Letha Herman and Lizzie Barrett, and dances by Jose Ashton, Emma Gertrude and Emily Smith. *Matinees* are given at this house Thursdays and Saturdays. Lizzie Barrett and Emily Smith close to-day, 24th. The Gorenflo sisters are announced to appear on Aug. 26th. The Messrs. Kernan Bros., of this establishment, are displaying a spirit of enterprise fully up to the demands of the show-going community of the day, not only in elevating the Opera House to its present standard of excellence, but likewise in furthering, in conjunction with Mr. J. R. Walker, an improvement to Washington, D. C., in the shape of a first class variety theatre.....Raiber's Odeon Varieties continues to do a fine business. The principal features of the entertainment during the past week comprised songs, dances and negro acts, by Dan Howard, Ben Hayes, Joe Mack, Matt. Wheeler and Frank Gayton; sentimental songs by Maggie Bowers; character and serio-comic songs by Leo Gordon and Maggie Mairs, and dances by Helen Revere, Maggie Mortimer and Maggie Mairs. Matt. Wheeler had a stunning benefit on Friday evening, when, beside the regular company, the following talent volunteered:—Charley Fox, Frank Howe, Den Howe, Jim Wheeler, Julia May, the Thatcher Brothers, old Bob Hall, E. M. Castine, Joseph Raiber, and the entire brass band from Fort McHenry. Matt. Wheeler, Joe Mack, Frank Gayton and Maggie Mortimer, close to-day. Charley Fox, Ida Fox and Lizzie Joonson, are underlined.....The Front street Theatre Comique, under the management of Mr. Wm. E. Sinn, will be opened for the season of 1872-'73, on Monday evening, Aug. 26th, with a host of powerful attractions. The following are a list of the stars who are announced to appear on that occasion:—The Egyptian Jugglers, Josephine de Rosa, Mdlle. Malvina, Lillie Hall, Rosa Lee, Dora Dawron, Ella Saunders, Little Alberta, J. H. Milburn, Sam Devere, Cincinnatus, Charley Reynolds, Healy and Conway, and Johnny Perdy. The stock company will be composed of Samuel K. Chester, leading dramatic artist, Geo. R. Edeson, comedian and pantomimist; Miss Hattie Edeson, E. C. Walston, D. Oakley, B. S. Hodges, Charles H. Fleming, W. H. Bryan, and a troupe of *coryphees* under the direction of the well-known *maitre de ballet*, Mons. A. Grosi. Mr. G. R. Edeson, who so ably filled the position of stage manager for the three last seasons, will continue in that capacity. *Matinees* will be given Tuesdays and Saturdays, beside which there will be lady audiences on Wednesday and Friday nights. The prices of admission will remain as before."

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Cleveland, O., has been crowded nightly during the past week, our correspondent says, "notwithstanding the intense warm weather. Mlle. Fontainebleau closed on the 24th. She has met with a grand reception. The Georgia Sisters made their appearance on the 19th. Miss Nellie Georgia plays a good solo on the guitar; Miss Lottie Georgia appeared in a choice selection of comic and sentimental songs. Fred. and Emily Seigel introduced a new *ballet* on the 23d, entitled 'The Nymph's Dream,' which was well executed. Turner and Lester responded to five *encores* on the above date; they have greatly improved since their first appearance here. They go to Scranton, Pa., on the 25th.

LADY VOCALISTS, *danseuses* and other first-class talent, including musicians, are wanted for Wood's Opera House, Little Rock, Ark. See advertisement.

TOM HARPER, one-legged song and dance man, with the Arbour Brothers, boy song and dance artist, at present performing at the Cricket Varieties, Pueblo, Col., where they can be addressed, are prepared to accept engagements.

TALENT of every description is wanted for the opening of the National Theatre, Cincinnati, O., on Sept. 9th. Address E. D. Davies, as per card elsewhere.

FAYETTE WELCH commences a four weeks' engagement at Aims' American Theatre, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sept. 16th, and managers desiring to engage him can address as per advertisement.

AT FIELDING'S OPERA HOUSE, Toledo, Ohio, John and Maggie Fielding continue cards. The company was reinforced last week by John Carle, the veteran banjoist, who took immensely; Geo. Wilson executed a very clever song and dance; Ella Sheldon presented, and Lena Clark sang, in her accustomed good style. The performance closed with a laughable piece, entitled "Showmen on a Lark," in which the leading characters were impersonated by Miss Ella Sheldon, John Carle and Geo. Wilson. Miss Sheldon took her departure on the 24th inst. Eva Buckner is announced for an appearance Aug. 29th.

GUS. CONSTANTINE, Clara Burton and Mlle. Evaline commenced an engagement at the Walnut Street Theatre, Kansas City, Mo., on Aug. 19th. Miss Burton's jig dancing richly deserved the applause it received. Evaline's Terpsichorean efforts were well received, and Constantine's performance of Coco in the pantomime was excellent. Stage manager Willis concluded an engagement with Nellie Seymour, change artist, and had her heavily billed the first of the week, but she did not even notify him that she would fail to be on hand. Performers who practice this sort of thing not only put managers to extra expense, but disappoint the public, and cause general dissatisfaction. The business has been excellent. Nellie Edwards has gone to the Metropolitan Theatre, St. Joseph, Mo., and the Claire Dieters and Harry Hart accompany her. Nora Freeman and Maude De Haile departed on Aug. 16th, and will connect themselves with the concert of Barnum's show. The following people are now here:—Mlle. Irma, *danseuse*; Miss Emmasetta, Gussie Lamereaux, Jacques Kruger, the Barlow Brothers, Jas. Gaynor, Maggie Nichols and the Lamonte Brothers in their wonderful and daring *trapeze* act. Gen. Grant, Jr., takes a farewell benefit Aug. 25th. Ella La Rue and Mollie Magee open Aug. 26th, of which we were duly informed by our correspondent on Aug. 21st.

SHELBY'S COMIQUE, Buffalo, N. Y., has been well attended during the past week, our correspondent informs us. He says:—"With the engagement and prompt appearance of the best variety stars in the profession, an excellent business is done. The arrivals of the 19th were John T. Kelly and Chas. Worley. A laughable burlesque on the Mace-O'Baldwin fizzle opened the bill, followed by Mr. Kelly in his specialty of 'Mrs. McGee's Hotel.' Mr. Kelly proved himself an able delineator of Irish characters, and received a most flattering reception. Miss Lizzie Shelton executed a very creditable sailor's hornpipe, receiving an *encore*. The established favorite, Miss Clara Butler, gave her budget of serio-comic songs in good style, and with effect. An amusing sketch, termed 'Ten Bar-rooms in a Night,' was ably rendered by Messrs. Rogers, Kennedy, Worley and Andrews. Mr. Worley followed in a good song and dance entitled 'Sugar Plums.' The Foy Sisters sang several pleasing duets; Miss Bertha is correct in her specialties; Miss Ida is of *petite* form, exceedingly lithe and vivacious, and a favorite. Mr. Kelly re-appeared as 'The Little Irish Jumping Jack,' and Miss Kathleen O'Neil concluded the olio in her Irish comicalities. The bill terminated with Mr. Frayne's drama of 'Orodes,' in which Kelly, Kathleen O'Neil and Lizzie Shelton close on the 24th, and on the 26th Mlle. Celeste and C. C. Mathews, gymnasts, open; also Miss Caddie. The Foy Sisters are up for a benefit on the 30th, when Mr. Dan Shelby and others will volunteer, and a silver goblet will be awarded the best amateur jig dancer. The fair beneficiaires are deserving of a bumper."

AT JOE MILLS' THEATRE COMIQUE, Bay City, Mich., the new faces the past week were Kearney and Moran, character artists; Fostelle, burlesque *prima donna*; and Miss Fanny Kent, vocalist. The balance of the troupe is made up of Harry Wharf, Lew Spencer, Harry Watson, Clara May, Carrie Bunnell, Lizzie Sherman, and Mlle Henrietta. Belle Iferd opens on Aug. 26th.....Joe Elliott's Amphitheatre has returned from Saginaw City. The status of the troupe is as follows:—Johnny Bucklin, Jerry Little, John Murts, Sam Sidman, Mlle. Russelli, May Allenetta, Carrie St. Clair, and Kate Vincent. Frankie Lee and Miss Loraine open Aug. 26th. The troupe start on a tour up to Lake Huron shore Aug. 29th.

TONY PASTOR and his traveling company are to perform at Springfield, Mass., August 29th; Worcester, 30th; Lowell, 31st; Manchester, N. H., September 2d; Salem, Mass., 3d; Lynn, 4th; Pawtucket 5th; Newport, R. I., 6th, and Taunton, Mass., 9th.

JULE KEEN, Dutch and Ethiopian comedian, commences an engagement at Mortimer's Varieties, Philadelphia, Pa., on September 2d, where he can be addressed by parties desiring to engage him.

DAN MORRIS, Irish and Dutch comedian, late of McEvoy's Hibernicon, advertises for an engagement.

CHAS. O'BALDWIN, negro, whose address can find elsewhere, can be engaged by a first class company.

CONCERNING VARIETY BUSINESS in Cincinnati, our correspondent writes to the following effect, dating the 23d: "At the Race street business is beginning to improve somewhat. No new faces have appeared, but those now here are being better appreciated. Weaver and Morton have made quite a hit in their eccentric acts.....At the Pacific Garden, Jimmy Smith, Lew Carson, Julia Barton and Mollie Somers still remain, having proved attractive cards. The only new appearances are the Gregory Brothers, gymnasts, etc., who are first rate in their line, and are always applauded to the echo. Mollie Somers' Dutch songs are still attractive, and receive hearty *encores*. .....At the Olympic Theatre, Miss Nellie Seymour, change and character vocalist, made her first appearance this week, and has made a decided hit, being a first class artist. In addition to her songs, she appears with Prof. Lawrence in his representations of Roman and Grecian statuary, which are most artistic in conception and elegant in execution. Mollie Boyd is also a new face, and has been well received. There have been no other changes in the company. The hot weather has not affected the Olympic, for business is first rate."

ALBERT AND LOTTA SARONY, comic grotesque dancers, commence an engagement at Shelby's Comique, Buffalo, N. Y., on Sept 2d, where they can be addressed.

GEO. LEOPOLD, gymnast, and his pupil, can be engaged for double *trapeze* business, through Col. T. A. Brown.

Negro Minstrelsy.

JNO. T. HUNTLEY, one of the old-time minstrel performers, but who retired from the boards some years ago to enter into business in the village of Oswego, N. Y., is still located at that place, as proprietor of the Powel House, were his professional and other friends will always find him ready to give them a hearty welcome. Mr. Huntley understands "how to keep a hotel as well as any other man," as those who have visited him can testify.

OUR CINCINNATI correspondent says, Aug. 23d:—"We are about to have a theatre. The proprietors of Melodeon Hall have been busily engaged for some time past in transforming the hall into a model theatre in the style of Bryant's, in New York. The stage has been increased in size, new scenery painted, the floor inclined, etc., and it is one of the nicest places in town. It will be opened Sept. 2. by W. R. Rice, with a first-class band of minstrels, led by Billy Manning, for a season that will last as long as the business will justify.

MAGUIRE'S CALIFORNIA MINSTRELS, at the Alhambra, San Francisco, attract good audiences, the excellence of their entertainments being at all times sustained. Russell's ballads are the feature of the opening scene, while the trio of Sam Rickey, Ainsley Scott and Charles Sutton relieve the sentimental singing by a broad but innocent fund of humor. Bob Hart, in the guise of an astronomical savan, delivers a profound essay, and shows, by the aid of blackboard illustration, why the threatened comet did not demolish the world on August 12th. The reasoning, as may be supposed, is startling if not lucid. Delehanty and Hengler give "Walking in the Starlight," and other original songs and dances, which have been presented before. Both performers deserve to borrow their thunder. Delehanty and Hengler have no cause to complain of lack of appreciation. Cool Burgess is reviving some old songs, but clings to his grotesque rendering of "Nicodemus Johnson," to satisfy the demand for its performance. The sketches introduce Ad. Ryman, Sam Rickey, Hengler, Bob Hart, Ainsley Scott, Robinson and Fanny Gibson. Tom Maguire, in his aims of keeping the Alhambra full of the best minstrel talent the country affords, has engaged McAndrews, "the Watermelon Man," W. F. Baker, tenor and Rockefeller, alto, to appear on August 19th. So we are informed by our correspondent, "Sir Toby."

THE GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed at Detroit, Mich., Aug. 21st and 22d; Toledo, O., 23d and 24th; and are billed at Fort Wayne, Ind., for 26th.

EARLE AND NEWTON'S MINSTRELS gave an entertainment at Norristown, Pa., Aug. 24th.

CHARLEY GLEASON, formerly of Duprez & Benedict's Minstrels, and Johnny Danforth, late of Washburn's Last Sensation, are to receive a complimentary benefit at Manchester, N. H., on Aug. 28th, assisted by Pete Hennessey, comedian; Lawrence Fox, club swinger; Griffin and Lyons, song and dance; Bob Flynn, character songs; Bill Sicers, bone player; Thomas F. Galaney, character actor, and others. Mr. Gleason begins an engagement at Acker's Arcade Garden, Troy, N. Y., Sept. 2d.

THE BRIDGEPORT MINSTRELS performed at Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 23d.

DUPREZ & BENEDICT'S MINSTRELS gave a fine entertainment, to a large and enthusiastic audience, at Harrington's Opera House, Providence, R. I., on the 23d.

MASTER DONALD HAROLD, last season connected with Simmons & Slocum's Minstrels, has unfortunately lost his voice since his return with that troupe from their California tour.

HARRY ROBINSON'S MINSTRELS performed at Johnstown, N. Y., Aug. 22d; Amsterdam, 23d; Troy, 24th; Albany, 26th, and Cohoes, 27th.

Circuses.

ALEX. ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE are to show at Wellsbrook, N. Y., Aug. 28th; Athens, Pa., 29th; Nichols, N. Y., 30th; Rome, Pa., 31st; Wyalusing, Sept. 2d; Meshoppen, 3d; Nicholson, 4th; Carbondale, 5th; Olyphant, 6th, and Providence, 7th.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS do not accompany Chiarini's Circus to California.

JAMES ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is to exhibit at Albany, N. Y., Aug. 28th and 29th.

THE FOREST CITY CIRCUS exhibit at Pinegrove, Pa., Aug. 23d; Tremont, 23d; Minersville, 24th, and is billed at Pottsville for the 26th, and St. Clair 27th.

"OLD" JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE were at Harrisburg, Pa., Aug. 24th, and are announced for Carlisle 26th; Shippensburg, 27th; Chambersburg, 28th; Greencastle, 29th, and Hagerstown, Md., 30th. Business reported good.

THE GREAT EASTERN CIRCUS and Menagerie is billed to exhibit in Washington, D. C., on August 26th and 27th, and old John Robinson's great six tent show on September 6th and 7th. Between the two, fences, sides of houses, and bill boards are at a decided premium. William Gleason, of Cole's Circus, was in Washington on August 25th, *en route* to Cincinnati, O., to see after the printing of some new bills.

GEORGE BURGESS, Sprague and Mack, also J. C. Murphy, who were traveling with C. W. Noyes' Crescent City Circus, giving the minstrel entertainment, seceded from the show at Pittsville, Pa.

S. G. STOKES' CIRCUS and Mitchell's Japanese Troupe are billed to perform at St. Paul, Minn., Aug. 26th.

THE GREAT EASTERN MENAGERIE, MUSEUM AND CIRCUS are announced to exhibit at Richmond, Va., Aug. 29th and 30th.

DAN RICE'S PARIS PAVILION CIRCUS is billed at Mt. Vernon, O., for Aug. 26th; Mansfield, 27th; Zanesville, 28th; Barnesville, 29th; Cambridge, 30th; Bellaire, 31st; and Wheeling, Va., Sept. 2d.

ROSSTON, STRINGER & HENDERSON'S CIRCUS is billed to perform at Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 31st.

BAILEY & CO.'S CIRCUS TENT was struck by lightning about half-past six o'clock on the morning of Aug. 22d, at South Amboy, N. J., and greatly damaged. No performance was given that evening. They performed at Long Branch 24th, will be at New Brunswick 26th, and Rahway, 29th.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., is heavily billed for the early appearance of Chiarini's Royal Italian Circus. The Jackson street lot is now being prepared for his reception.

THE BURSLAY FAMILY appeared at Woodward's Gardens, San Francisco, Cal., a suburban resort, on Sunday, the 18th, performing a series of acrobatic feats, winding up with a balloon ascension.

NOYES' CRESCENT CITY CIR

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

FOR THEATRICAL, of other Advertisements coming under the head of AMUSEMENTS, fifteen cents per line for each and every insertion.
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OUR TERMS ARE CASH.—Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion.
A LIBERAL DEDUCTION from these rates will be made for Advertisements when paid for three months or longer in advance.
ALL BUSINESS LETTERS or communications must be addressed to the undersigned. FRANK QUEEN,
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A DRAMATIC COMPANY,

to open late in September or early in October. A good agent, with a little cash, to take an interest in the business, may write. Address, stating lowest terms, J. McMILLAN,
2-1t* Post office, Auburn, N. Y.

Nellie Howard,

THE GREAT JIG DANCER,

opens Sept. 2d at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, Ohio; Oct. 7th, Theatre Comique, Detroit, Mich.
Address all letters as above. 22-1t*

SAM DEVINE, THE RENOWNED BANJOIST AND COMEDIAN, will be at liberty in a few weeks to accept engagements for the Fall and Winter Season.

NOTICE.—I wish to state to Managers that I sing no political trash or thread bare songs that have been sung to death, or anything appertaining to vulgarity. My songs are all new and original, and sung by me only. Responsible Managers can address in care of PADGET & BARKER,
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COL. J. H. RICE,

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and
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will be at liberty after September 1st. Address care of A. M. LUNT, 51 WATER STREET,
22-2t* BOSTON, MASS.

THE LESLIES,

ACROBATS
and
GYMNASTS,

now playing at the GLOBE THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., will be at liberty SEPTEMBER 2D.
22-1t* Address JOHN LESLIE, Globe Theatre, Chicago, Ill.

BERRY'S OPERA HOUSE,

(LATE THEATRE COMIQUE), WILKESBARRE, PA.,

now open for the fall and winter season of '72 and '73. First class Variety Artists wanted at all times, none others need apply. Lady Vocalists, Dancers, Gymnasts, Ethiopian Comedians and Sensation Artists, will please apply to JAKE BERRY, Opera House, Wilkesbarre, Pa.
17-6t 13t

FOR SALE,

AN ELEGANT BAND CHARIOT.

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Henry, Oscar and little Victor, open at the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Sept. 2nd; Globe Theatre, Chicago, Sept. 23d; Theatre Comique, Detroit, Oct. 21st; Cleveland, Nov. 4th, and Pittsburgh, Dec. 2d. Miss A. Braddon opens at Cleveland, Nov. 4th. For open dates, address H. VICTORELLI, care of Clipper office.*

TO MANAGERS.

CAL. MANDEVILLE,

LONDON COMIQUE AND GENERAL PERFORMER,
AND

MISS MAGGIE MAGUIRE,

VOCALIST AND SOUBRETTE,

having just closed a successful engagement at Theatre Comique, Bay City, Mich., and at present fulfilling an engagement at SMITH'S OPERA HOUSE, East Saginaw, Mich., can be addressed as above up to Sept. 30th, '72, after that care of Clipper office.
N. B.—Interested parties in Cleveland or elsewhere, please note above. 22-1t*

THE GREAT MAFFIT AND JEFFREY would like to open with managers, either of circuses or of variety theatres, for long or short engagements. Business—Double Trapeze, Ceiling Walking, Double Parterre Act, Double Acrobatic Dance.
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Plays 2d Violin and E Alto in brass, is open for an engagement.
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re-organized, with new farces, new music, new wardrobes and new scenery. The great moral show of the age. Two monarch comedians in the field. The great original Dublin Pat, and Mr. Chas. Lee, the celebrated Yankee comedian, supported by 13 first class artists. The route will be through the coal fields of Pennsylvania. Mr. Wm. Coder will preside over the gate department this season. Wanted, 2d Violinist, must play baritone; and a Violincello, must play tuba. Address CHAS. LEE,

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NEW AND ORIGINAL IRISH COMIC SONGS, BURLESQUE LECTURES AND SKETCHES,
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THE GREAT VIOLINIST,

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Managers desiring to arrange for time with this popular star can address COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN,
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HOLLIDAY STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE,
Nearly every prominent dramatic star in the country will appear here this season. The stock company is of the highest grade, the orchestra fine, and the scenic artist the very best. Time open late in the winter and in the spring.
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in every respect first class, to be completed by January 1st, '73, in time for Lucca and Kellogg, who are secured for that date; capacity near 1,800; situated on Ninth street, near Pennsylvania avenue, facing towards the Capitol, with an elegant public fountain immediately in front, on ornamented reserved public grounds.
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for any or all the above named first class places of amusement.
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T. PROSHO'S BRASS BAND AND ORCHESTRA
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OPEN THE YEAR ROUND.

First class talent, both ladies and gentlemen, are wanted immediately for the opening of the fall and winter season. Address CHAS. H. H. BROOM,
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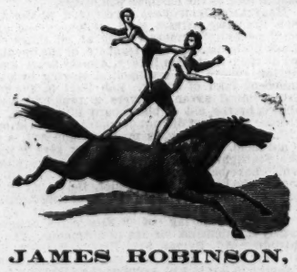

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